



ICD

# SICK

AUGUST

25¢

MONOLOGUE FOR  
AMATEUR SURGEONS



*Ed Vatey*



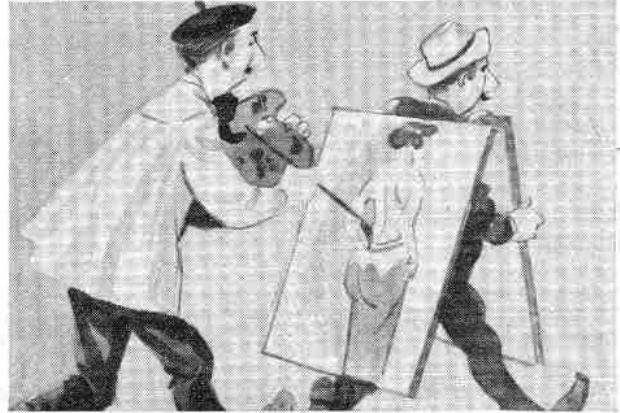
# CAN YOU DRAW THE LINE?

Let these talented artists show you how you can be a big success in the art world.



**HAROLD VON SCHLITZ**

Known as the accountant's artist—a specialist in portraits of George Washington, his work is exhibited in the offices of J. Edgar Hoover



**NORWELL CROOKEDWELL**

Noted uncover illustrator for "Voom", "Wham", "Ba-zoom", "Va-Voom" and "Sick" magazines



**JON PLUNGER**

Nationally famous art critic—for the past ten years, director of the Grand Central Station Men's Room Galleries



**ALVIN CORN**

World famous pin head etcher—engraved all of the "good" parts of *Lo-lita* and *Peyton Place* on the head of his mother-in-law



**GEORGE GOATEE**

Poster illustrator and winner of last year's Grand Prix de Moustache . . . for his now famous defacing of the 1961 SICK fund poster

## TALENTED ARTISTS SUCCESS STORIES

### Makes Lots of Money

"After my fifth lesson in your etching and engraving course I produced a piece that was so well received that the Treasury Department reproduced 10,000 copies and mailed them to every bank in the country." 803457—San. Quentin, Calif.

### Sells Master Pieces

"Since finishing your Fine Arts course, I sold six paintings at \$500 each to the Legion of Decency." Gloria Grime—Rome, New York

### Gets Spanking-good Job

"I had a dreary clerking job. Today, thanks to Talented Artists, I am chief designer and illustrator for Sado-Maso Booklets, Inc. and earn five times my old salary." Nanna "Whip" Finster—Booth Bay Harbor, Maine

### Wins Prizes

"Thanks to you I have won many prizes including a chaireuse ribbon for my painting titled JOCKEY ON A DOLPHIN." Pauline Savitt—New York

### Gets Big TV Offer

"I was slaving away as a waiter in a tea room on Fire Island when I discovered your course. After only three years I became a make-believe artist on a make-believe boy-meets-girl show on TV." Tube Hinder—Hollywood, Calif.

### Meets New Friends

"With no previous art training I landed a good job as a life-study model by simply showing my TAS diploma (and a few other things)." 42-22-32—Shapely, S. Dakota

*Find out if you can become talented*

To find people with talent . . . Talented Artists have created a special talent test. If you show us that you can draw a straight line, you will be eligible for our course. Send this coupon today—No obligation!



### TALENTED ARTISTS STUDIOS BOX 19980, Talent, Conn.

I would like to find out if I have talent and can take your wonderful course. Please rush me your free (small handling and mailing charge) talent test. Better still, just send a model to fit my classifications:

NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
CITY ..... COUNTY ..... STATE .....  
AGE ..... HEIGHT ..... WEIGHT ..... CHEST .....  
PHONE NUMBER .....

# TV Preacher

Ratings are the pulse of the TV world. An advertising agency must judge the success of any TV show by its rating regardless of how beneficial the show may be. In the following scene, the agency representative has called in Reverend Perkins to discuss the faltering ratings of his weekly TV religious show . . .

Reverend, your rating is dropping. Wonder if we should have some guest stars on the show to beef up the Trendex?

Who would you suggest?

Maybe Lawrence Welk will let us have the Lennon Sisters . . .

Who are the Lennon Sisters? I don't think nuns would be proper on the show.

Maybe we can back you up with a chorus . . . perhaps get you a better time spot.

I think Sunday morning is a good time for a show of this nature.

Have to improve the lighting on the show—you were standing in the dark last Sunday.

But I always use candle light . . .

Maybe for guests we could have Hollywood stars who have played religious roles—Karl Malden, Spencer Tracy, Pat O'Brien . . . I know a lot of them are still living off the reputation of "Going My Way."

If we got Bing Crosby, maybe he'd bring his four altar boys . . .

One other thing, Reverend, I hate to bring this up, but it's for the good of the show—

What is it?

Well, we think you can keep the anecdotes in, but don't spell out the morals all the time . . . in other words, could you cut down on the preaching!

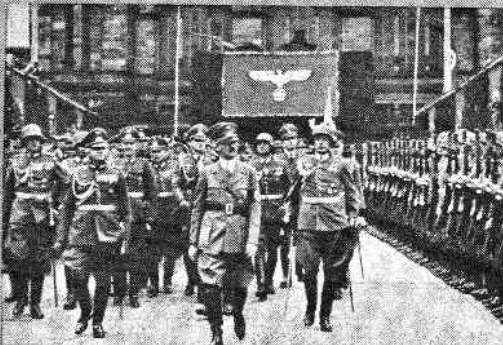
THIS IS HELL (INC)  
SATAN MEHISTO PROP.





### NIKITA'S GREATEST DAY

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### BERLIN CELLAR'S BEST SELLER

See page 11



### PLAYBOY TONY CURTIS

See page 17

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# SICK

Vol. 2 No. 1 August, 1961

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ED SULLIVAN IS GOING TO HAVE THE JUDGES FROM THE EICHMANN TRIAL ON HIS SHOW ... THEY'LL GIVE A VERDICT FROM THE STAGE. WE HEAR EICHMANN WANTED TO SETTLE OUT OF COURT.

DR. FINCH THOUGHT HE HAD FOUND THE CURE FOR THE COMMON GIRL ...

WE DIALED BUTTERFIELD 8 AND A THROAT SPECIALIST ANSWERED.

A DETROIT CAR MANUFACTURER IS PUTTING OUT A LINE OF MODELS WITH HOMEMADE BOMBS ALREADY INSIDE, FOR USE AS GIFTS TO UNION AND MANAGEMENT SPOKESMEN ...

HOW DOES KOREA DIFFER FROM LAOS? IN THE SPELLING.

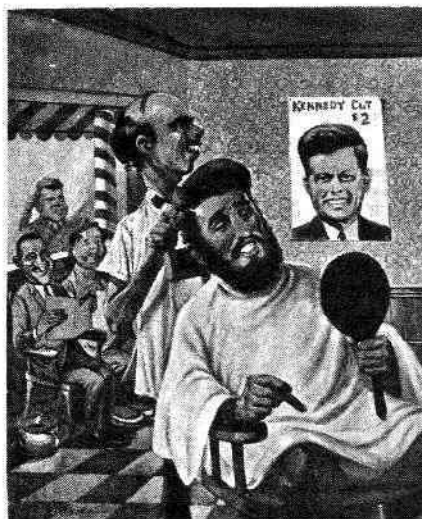
IT'S TRUE THAT ALL THE RUSSIAN COSMONAUTS RETURNED. OF COURSE, NOT ALL OF THEM RETURNED TO THIS PLANET ...

IDLE HANDS MAKE ZIP GUNS ...



# SICK CERELY YOURS

Our "Kennedy Haircut" cover caused quite a fuss—Many barber-shops displayed the covers and artist Leo Morey has been besieged by offers from barber schools ... The following letters comment on a picture of Ichiro Sekiguchi (no, that's not the name of a dance) of Tokyo, Japan, who brought a picture of President Kennedy to his barber and said, "Make me look like this." Last word was that Ichiro eloped with a girl with a Jackie Kennedy hairdo ...



GENTLEMEN:

It's getting harder all the time to be really ridiculous or funny. The enclosed clipping followed by only a few weeks your April cover.

*Ken Nickerson*  
819 Poinsettia Street  
Columbia, S.C.

SICKNIKS:

Your April cover drawings were just a trifle premature! Lovely satire, a' la Anatole France. Psychology a' la Stendahl. I may just subscribe.

*J.L., R.N.*

Dear SICK,

I never had a sick day until I began reading it.

*-Dennis Ellman*  
4 Hall Court  
Great Neck, N. Y.

ED: You're sick — you know what kind of dreams we have?



Trotsky



Sickmund

My Dear Sicks:

Aha! After months of sickly, ceaseless labor, I have discovered that your idiot doctor is really Leon Trotsky, a Russian banished from the U.S.S.R.—But he won't sue you. He's good and dead. (See photo.)

*-Victor Lazarow*  
141-25 71st Avenue  
Kew Gardens Hills  
67, N. Y.

ED: Trotsky is not dead ... Asleep, yes, but not dead.

Dear Sickniks,

The enclosed picture of Leon Trotsky found in a history book. Could this man be your SICK doctor. If he is and you put this letter in your magazine, I'll keep buying SICK, otherwise you will have to go on without me and the way I figure it, you SICK jerks will do anything for a quarter.

*Tom Hover*  
16270 Tacoma  
Detroit 5, Michigan

ED: You're wrong—we won't do anything for a quarter. For a half dollar, we'll do anything.

To the Editor:

Ever since your magazine SICK (June issue) came out, our taxi service has decreased rapidly. This is all to the cause of your scummy article "Police To Pose as Taxi Drivers." Everybody in Binghamton is taking the bus. I suggest you write an article about police dogs driving buses. Our concern which used to be a multi-dollar company is presently making \$1.60.

*-Richard Blumm*  
Green Taxi Co.  
Binghamton, N. Y.

ED: That's show business.



# SICK-IATRY

Doctor, here is your 2:30 appointment.

Show him in please, Nurse Perkins.

Now, tell me sir, what is your problem?

There's nothing wrong with me, Doc. I came here because my wife insisted. I'm just an average guy. I drive a truck.

Oh? Do you have any problems along your route?

Memorize that message! Tell Major Nairobi at Cranston that the Star of Punjab is sailing from Northshire on foot...

Acute delusion with hypertension sensory perception...

I knew it was a lie about the veranda collapsing and the two of you being buried overnight under the rubble... That veranda never collapsed.

What veranda? Who are you? Never mind - I'm forced to trust you...

What did happen to the veranda?

Yes, go on...



Route? How did you know about the route? No one had the map but Wendley. Who are you? Never mind—I'm forced to trust you. I'm Thurston, British Intelligence, Nairobi Division.

Very interesting

I have a vital message to be delivered to Major Nigel Cranston, BPI, Battalion Central Control, Northshire...

Tell Major Cranston, the Punjah of Tira sails tonight on the Star of Rhodesia. A regiment of Sicilian foot soldiers will accompany him on camels...

Imaginary Cranstonitis with boating manifestations...

The Turkish agents will be here any minute. I can't repeat the message... Commit it to memory... You're not looking at me... Look at me when I speak to you, Lila Mae...

Think back, my little wife, remember the time you first introduced me to Kent Castor at the avocado cotillion. That's right, my dear, the very same night Colonel Shaftwell shut down the Caldwell plantation forever...

I see you smile when I mention his name. Kent Castor... Kent Castor—there, have yourself a good laugh! You never suspected that I knew of your sordid relationship with Kent Castor...

Hallucinations complex coupled with Carson McCuller's disease

There's nothin' else to tell. I drive a truck between here and Philly...


A trail never before transversed by a white man.

New York to Philly!?

Through the insect-infested jungle, through the Ugandi swamp of Kagui-Kagui Province, its water seething with crocodiles and man-eating tripe.


Jungle fever and foliage sickness...






I must trek through the dense undergrowth if I am to make my way back to our encampment at Kenya where I left Garanya to guard the rifles.

YOU WHAT?




I left Garanya at Kenya with the rifles.

You fool! You entrusted our arms to that ignorant savage?



Garanya can be trusted.

Not after what happened in Baranya.

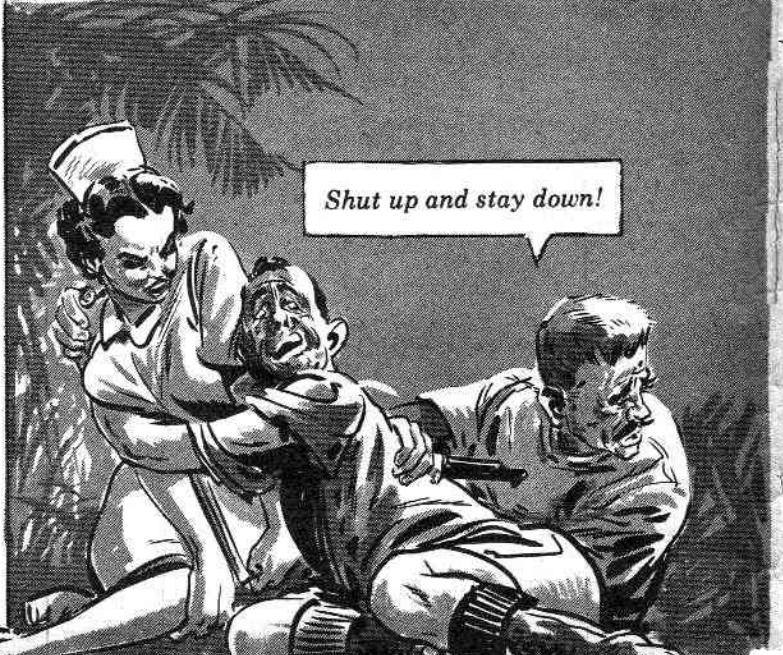


Can't you forget Baranya? Garanya wasn't himself in Baranya. He proved his loyalty at Maranya . . .

BARANYA, MARANYA, GARANYA, GET DOWN, HE'S SHOOTING AT US



YOU FOOL — YOU LEFT GARANYA WITH THE RIFLES!



Shut up and stay down!



# SICK, SICK WORLD

Governor Rockefeller's mansion caught fire. The Governor saved six servants—the papers didn't mention whether one of them was his daughter-in-law.

\* \* \*

Vic Tanny offers a contract guaranteeing a lifetime of exercise... if you live that long.

\* \* \*

President Kennedy originated a Peace Corps to find jobs for 30,000 Americans. We didn't know he had that many relatives.

\* \* \*

The true story about Bob Newhart's famous Abe Lincoln monologue is that he wrote it on the back of an envelope on the train to Gettysburg.

\* \* \*

Assistant Secretary of State on African Affairs, Mennen (Soapy) Williams, declared "Africa for Africans"... It didn't surprise us. When he ran for governor of Michigan, his campaign slogan was "Michigan for the Michigans." A lot of people in Minnesota resented that.

\* \* \*

One of Al Capone's old cronies gave a wedding for his daughter. A friend of the family couldn't make the ceremony because he's serving time. So they sent him a piece of the cake. He'll be out soon if he doesn't try to bite into it.

\* \* \*

Bus driver going through the 7th Avenue garment district in New York: "Move to the rear of the bus, darlings."

\* \* \*

"What did you study in college?"

"Russian Culture. It was a short subject. The Russians don't have much culture."

\* \* \*

We know a guy who got sick of all the trouble his guests had parking their cars when they visited him. He moved into a Kinney parking lot in mid-town New York—lived in one of those little green shacks. Now his guests have plenty of parking space. Of course, it costs \$1.50 to visit him. That's just for the first hour.

\* \* \*

## *sick call*



"Did anyone tell the troops there was going to be a full dress parade here today?"



"I can't authorize your transfer, corporal—we don't have an artillery unit in this army."





Unchartered plane stewardess to passengers. "This is the flight to Williamsport, Pa. Anyone here been to Williamsport before? You, sir? Good, when we get close, do you think you could recognize it? The pilot's never been there."

\* \* \*

Admiral Rickover's atomic sub, Nautilus, stayed underwater thirty days. That's not the record. The record is fourteen years. It's held by an Italian battleship.

\* \* \*

A woman fired two shots into a singing idol. Police described her as a fan. How can they be sure she wasn't a critic?

\* \* \*

**Directions:** "How do I get to Toronto from here?"

"Go straight down 5th Avenue 'til you hit 57th Street and then take a left on 8th Avenue and keep driving until people start talking French-Canadian."

\* \* \*

The Russians have discovered Jazz. They claim it originated in Odessa. You've heard—"Way Down Yonder in Old Odessa."

\* \* \*

The gypsies crowned a new queen. A man gypsy asked for her hand and then read it . . .

\* \* \*

A bill has been introduced in the Oregon legislature that could require marriage license applicants to answer, in addition to vital statistics, the following questions (*with SICK's answers*):

Q: What kind of man would you like to be stranded on a desert island with?

A: Admiral Rickover.

Q: Do you like to be in love with somebody of the opposite sex?

A: Preferably.

Q: Do you like to tell jokes in which sex plays a major part?

A: Yes— do you know any?

Q: Do you intend to have children?

A: Well, we didn't . . . not this soon.

\* \* \*

What ever happened to that question they always used to ask: "Do you take this woman (man) to love, honor, and obey?" Some people asked to have the word "obey" taken out of the ceremony. Tommy Manville asked them to delete the word "take" . . .

\* \* \*

America's the only country in the world where a boy can grow up and, through hard work and study, become President . . . and a girl can grow up and marry Tommy Manville and become a number . . .

\* \* \*

**SICK SPORTS NOTE:** Naples, Italy—Eugenio Monti won his fifth straight bobsled title. Monti's bobsled whizzed down the one mile course in fifty-nine seconds. Monti received the winner's gold cup when he finally came to a stop just outside of Oslo, Norway.

That's what's wrong with the world today. Everything is too fast. To-day it takes four and a half hours to go across the length of the United States in a jet plane. It took the pioneers forty days to go to San Francisco in their covered wagons. But remember, when they arrived, their luggage arrived with them.

Everything is instant today. Now, they have instant pizza. We remember when it took a woman four days just to make the sauce, seven days to make the dough, three days grinding the oregano . . . And the pizza was lousy. How could it taste good? That sauce had been laying around for a week!



Hello, Hitler, Bob Purcell here, account executive. I'll be seeing a lot of you after our campaign gets underway, so why don't we meet someday at 5:15 and have a few drinks together? Good! We've really done a thorough research job on you and we've discovered you've created a bad image.

In the first place, a lot of people say you're anti-semitic. It's very image-destroying. Some of your best friends are anti-semitic? It's wrong. Cut it out. We might spread the rumor that you changed your name and take a couple of publicity shots of you eating blintzes at Coney Island...

Next, shave that mustache. People associate a mustache with a villain. Charlie Chaplin wears one? That's why Chaplin never really made it big, Adolf.



About your staff: Goebels is a loud mouth but nobody listens to him. Goering is fun, the whole world loves a fat man. But drop Himmler, nobody trusts him...

Mussolini is all right. He's good for comic relief. Besides people think he's Jack Oakie... Mussolini is always bothering you for more money? Tell him not to hang by his heels 'til he gets more money from you.

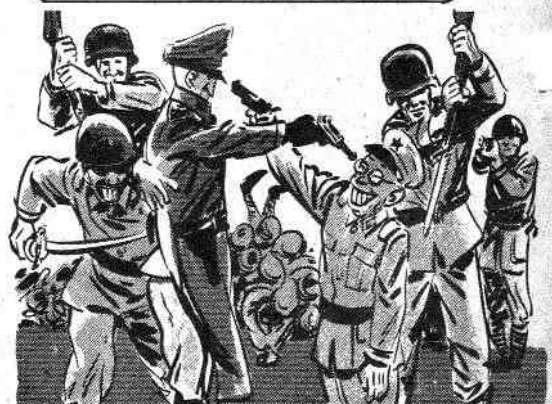
Adolf, we want to play up your family background. Don't you have a sister? She's in a concentration camp? You put her there... Maybe we ought to forget you have a sister? You already have.



What should we tell them about France and Belgium? It was Jack Oakie's fault?

We have a few suggestions. Have you ever thought of changing your name again? No, not back to that. How about General Electric? Why? ... because it denotes progress. No, I said progress, not prison.

Another suggestion — you probably noticed that the American war propaganda movies show U.S. Marines killing Japs... We think you should make some movies showing Germans killing Japs... They might think we're fighting a common enemy.





# Book Section

COME  
BACK  
LITTLE  
FUEH-  
RER



Until now, history had never pieced together the full details of the final moments of World War II, when Hitler suspected the tide of battle was beginning to turn against him. About a week before V-E Day, in a desperate attempt to win back his popularity with the people, the Fuehrer called upon a Madison Avenue advertising agency to devise a popularity campaign for him.

The agency did its usual thorough job of motivational research on Hitler. They sent researchers around with 4 x 6 photographs to ask: "Would you buy a used car from this man?"

"Yes, but I wouldn't sign a non-aggression pact with him," was the usual reaction.

Months of research and thousands of interviews proved to the agency that Hitler should not become a used car salesman.

The account executive finally phoned Hitler in his bunker near Berlin, summarized the agency's findings and made some recommendations. The report went something like this:





Another thing, Adolf, the salute has got to go. It's too pushy. Have you ever thought of raising both your arms over your head making a "V"? It might be a cute piece of business . . . Too suggestive? Churchill's sticking his thumb in the air and nobody's squawking

The gang here thinks you should marry Eva Braun. I mean, we know she's been with you for years. It's giving you a black eye. We think you should marry her and maybe even have some children.

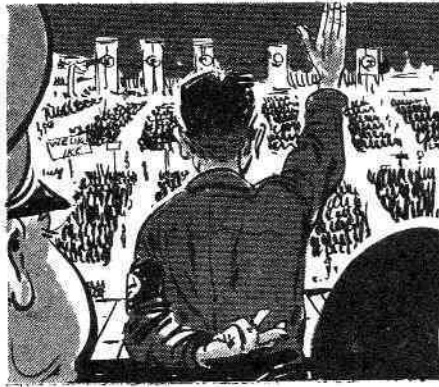
Oh, you and Eva already have a couple of kids? Goebels and Goering. They're yours?



Getting back to your appearance, Adolf. Why do you comb your hair over to one side? You think it makes you look sexy? Did Eva tell you it made you look sexy? No . . . Himmler did.

It's going to be a tough job making you popular. There's a lot of hard feeling against you. I'm sorry, Adolf, what did you say? How about telling them you're not a Nazi. That's going to be a little hard to sell. I mean, you were at all those rallies . . .

Maybe they'd give you a break if you promised to give back Poland . . . A lot of people will find it hard to forget Austria . . . Well, I guess you're right . . . we could tell them you were drunk . . .



We have another idea — how about faking a suicide and slipping off to South America until the whole thing blows over? It could work. Who's there in the bunker with you? Just a reporter from the Police Gazette . . . Will he talk?

Well, we'll keep working on ideas . . . What's that? . . . you would like to marry Eva . . . Good idea! Do you have a wedding ring? Oh, you have Himmler's ring. It's a friendship ring . . . He got it from Hess . . . Then you're all set. Oh,

you're not sure Eva will marry you in the bunker? Why not? She always wanted a big wedding celebration. All right, we'll see if we can get the boys to shoot some guns off . . . What's that? . . . Adolf . . . Adolf?





# adolf hitler - SICKness story



I wonder . . . should I shave the mustache? It's been part of the act for so long . . .



I remember, I grew it in Junior High . . . Oh, those school days . . . Teacher would start each morning with the deodorant test.



And graduation—my, how it rained that day. What a poor choice the featured speaker was—the head of the Weather Bureau.



I'll never forget the day I spoke to my uncle Max about my future plans. My classmate, Rudolph, wanted to be a pilot . . . I wanted to go on the stage . . .



I take my leave of Mamma. My Mamma was a sweet, old lady. I found out later she worked for the Gestapo.



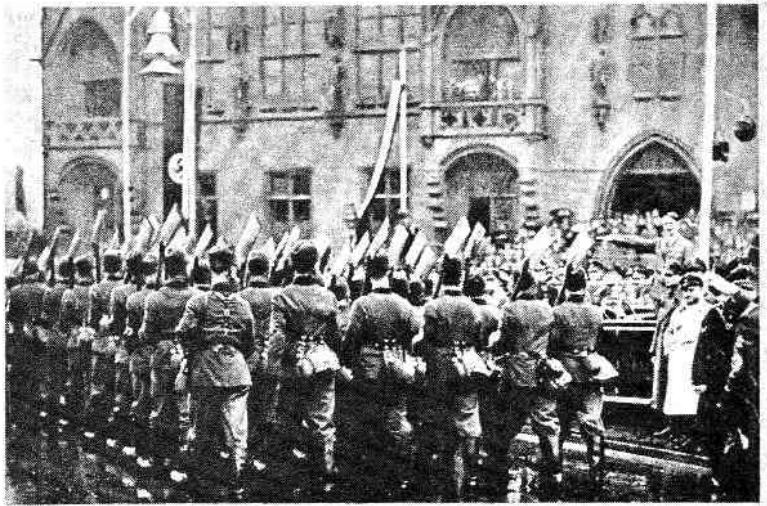
My first job—a Cafe in Berlin—I did my impressions of Jimmy Stewart on top and closed with my folk songs. Critics called me "a loud Lenny Bruce" . . . But my dialect jokes went over big.





After that I was a headliner—crowds gathered wherever I went.

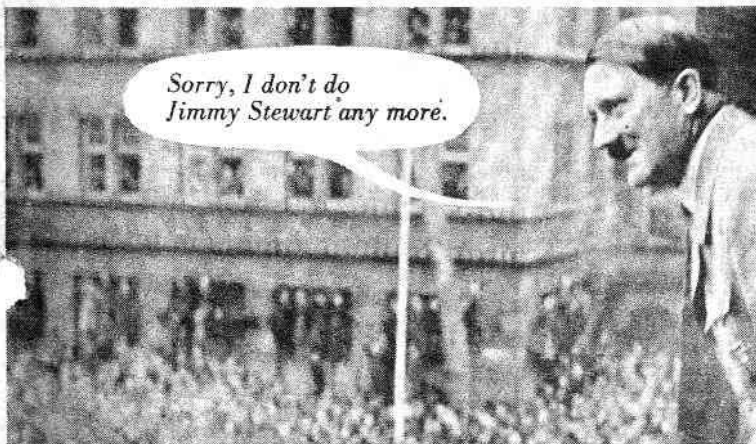
I took it in stride. Before every performance the audience would reach out to see if it was raining. That's my school chum, Rudolph. He had given up flying and was organizing some sort of political party.



Shortly afterwards, Rudolph offered me a job. His party wanted a performer who could draw big crowds. All I had to do was to stand up in a car and point at a skyscraper until a crowd gathered. Soon the crowd started carrying guns. That worried me.

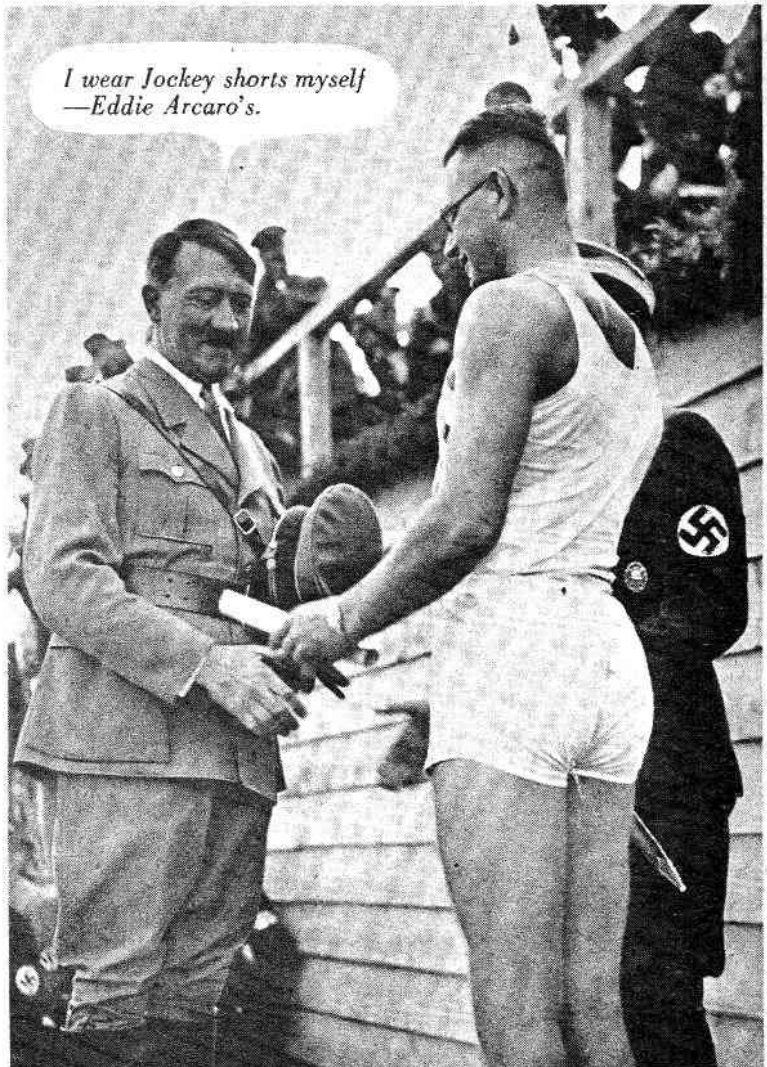


I went to Rudolph and asked what his political party was after. He took me to the Berlin Museum and showed me a map of the world. The fat man at the far right is Herman Goering. He headed the Luftwaffe—it was a commercial airline, without stewardesses.



*Sorry, I don't do Jimmy Stewart any more.*

The act was going very well. I had a man named Goebels who used to insert one-liners once in awhile—"Today, Germany—Tomorrow, the World" was his line. The people called me Der Fuehrer. I think that means "Top Banana" . . .



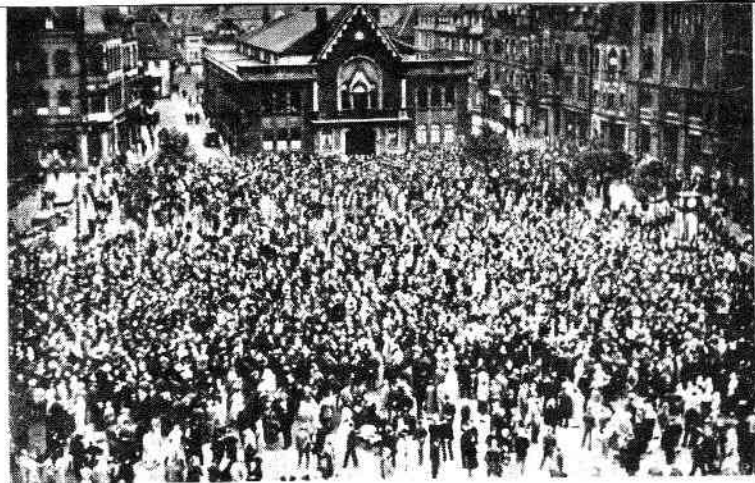
*I wear Jockey shorts myself—Eddie Arcaro's.*

I appeared everywhere. Here, I am at the Olympic Games. That young man just ran the mile in three minutes . . . he came in third.





One day, Rudolph said I had to go to Munich to sign up with an English agent named Chamberlain. (I think it was a contract that said I wouldn't appear in England.)



Then, one day, people cheering outside my hotel window awakened me. Rudolph told me we had just gone over big in Czechoslovakia. I added some Czech jokes to my routine. But the act wasn't always so successful . . . I understand we bombed in Poland.



After that, I always appeared before a lot of soldiers. My managers said that's what made Bob Hope so big, that every serviceman would remember me after the war.



My biggest triumph—Paris. We signed contracts in a railway car. I did a little kick step. Rudolph said to keep it in the act. The words over the stage say "Die Saar Ist Frei!"

I always wondered what that meant.

## TO BE CONTINUED . . .

Look for further adventures of young Adolf Hitler in the next issue of SICK. Will the personable young entertainer find the love he is searching for? Will Adolf realize his boyhood dream of enslaving the free world? How about his first summer in Africa and his first winter in Russia? How do the storm troops react to their first blizzard? Learn all these facts and find out what Adolf Eichmann is really like . . . And what he WAS really like in the old days. All in the next SICK . . .



Rumors have it that Hollywood is going to make a movie about "PLAYBOY" Magazine with Tony Curtis playing Editor-Publisher Hugh Hefner. This seems logical, Hefner has been playing Tony Curtis for years.

One scene we hope they include in the movie is a "PLAYBOY" executive meeting—when the Editor-Publisher addresses his top assistant . . . In SICK's version of the scene, Editor-Publisher Hiff Huffner of "STAY-BOY" magazine is addressing his top assistant, Harry Assistant . . .



Harry, Baby, we've got to start work on the October issue of "STAYBOY."

Right, Chief.



We also want it to have a lot of sex, a lot of nude girls, and a lot of locker room jokes.

Right, Chief.



We want this issue to have a lot of class, a lot of style, and a lot of artistic merit.

Right, Chief.



Harry—are you trying to crack wise with me?

No, Chief.

I don't know — you've been giving me a lot of short answers lately.

Sorry, Chief.



And you haven't been returning my salute, boy. You know, Harry, little things mean a lot.

Never mind—fill me in on this month's "STAY-MATE OF THE MONTH."

But they don't make motion pictures in Chicago.

Right—let me leer at the stills. Hey, she's great. We can work her in as a Bunny in the STAYBOY Key Club.

That's a cute lyric, Chief, how does the chorus go?

Her name's October Storm. She's a steno for a large precision tool manufacturer. She came to Chicago to start a career in motion pictures.

October knows that—But she figures if they ever should, she'll be in on the ground floor.

No dice, Chief, she's 19 years old.





# Movie Prevue

Pity—just two years over the age limit. What else do you have to report?

Trouble in St. Louis—the police raided our key club there.

What's the charge?

None so far—the police haven't come out yet.

Didn't they raid one of our STAYBOY parties there once?

Why? Were the girls' gowns too low cut?

The girls weren't wearing gowns — but two of the fellas were.

What fiction do we have this month?

"I Kicked the Dope Habit" by Spider Kovacs.

What happened to the reporters we sent to Costa Rica to write: "Revolution Brewing in Costa Rica?"

They tossed them in jail.

What for?

Brewing a revolution in Costa Rica.

What do we have on Jazz this month?

We're doing a story on the Birth of Jazz.

Great — an on-the-spot account from New Orleans?

Wrong, Chief—this story originates from Hoboken, New Jersey.

Hoboken, New Jersey?

Everyone does a birth of jazz story from New Orleans.

Was there any jazz in Hoboken, New Jersey?

Not before we got there.

Did you stage a Jazz festival there?

Yes — we didn't have time to get Jazz musicians for the festival, so we just had the riot . . . Attracted squad cars all the way from Newark.







# monologue

## THE SUPER- MARKET AGE

by Bill Gelband

I

live way out on Long Island, about a two hour drive from Europe. It's a new development, they haven't named it yet. We have just the house you'd want your kids to grow up in, if

you could afford it. The house was put up in a hurry. By mistake they put the picture window in the bathroom. But we have the only home in the neighborhood where people can't peek in the living room.

It's not the house that's expensive, it's the commuting. I feel like I have a thirty year mortgage on the Long Island Railroad. I keep telling myself, so what! It's for the kids. They make my home what it is, "The House of Flying Objects." I'm with my kids all the time. Fathers are supposed to be with their children. This is what the psychologists prescribe . . . the unmarried psychologists. But I really like my kids . . . they're just like part of the family. And I always take them shopping, that's the big thing today.

Today you go shopping once a week. When I was a kid on the lower East Side I used to shop meal-to-meal. Everything is changed now. You go into a store today to buy a chicken, it's all cut up and no feet. My kids think chickens walk on their knees. My mother used to get the head, the heart, the liver, the feet . . . Our table looked like a Mau Mau Thanksgiving.

But in order to shop today you must have a big freezer in the basement. You can't use the window sill in the winter any more. Now I have this big thing in the basement that I can lie down in during the summer to cool off. If I was wrapped in cellophane they'd cook ME. And of course the freezer must always be full just in case the whole state of Connecticut drops in unexpected, you can feed them. My wife heard from her girl friends, the Board of Governors of the Mah Jong rules commit-



"But you've got to make the door open wider. This isn't the Loretta Young Show, you know."



"Kathy, this is idiotic—I won't let you go to the company dance with a department store manikin . . ."



tee, that there was a new shopping center we had to try. So on Saturday morning I got up at five thirty to get started. I went downstairs and he kids were watching television . . . there was nothing on but they like to wait for news bulletins.

**W**e all got in the car and then my wife started giving directions like, "Quick, stop at the last exit" and, her favorite, "Make a left turn at the next right."

After two hours of driving I was ready to give up. We'd gone twenty miles and hadn't even seen a Howard Johnson's. Then we saw what looked like a gigantic airplane hangar. What a place. I've heard of stores having security police, but Jet Fighters? We were at Ye Olde Shopping Center.

Every week they have an event to attract customers. One Saturday they had a disc jockey and he set a new record of staying awake for over 200 hours . . . he's still smiling in the frozen food department. The day we were there they had a famous Rock 'n Roll star. He wasn't singing, everyone was just standing around watching his hair grow. And as an extra attraction Sessue Hayakawa was giving out back copies of "Ladies Home Journal."

The inside of the store is amazing. An electric eye opens the door automatically, and if you leave with any money in your pockets the electric eye rings a bell and they take you in the office and ask you questions. But every shelf is filled with wonderful food to outdo your company when they have food. Things like charcoal grey steak sauce, wild cherry noodle soup, Tootsie Rolls stuffed with an-

chovies, wheat germ without germs, No-Cal sugar, and orange juice from the heart of Florida . . . where the Everglades are, and it's untouched by human hands—the squeezing is done by alligators. If you just wanted to buy bread and butter you'd have to go someplace else. And they carry every item manufactured—for instance, peanut butter. They have very smooth, very, very, very smooth, and a liquid peanut butter . . . You dunk the bread. They have a new one, chocolate chip peanut butter, I don't know, YOU ASKED FOR IT!!

Another big thing is buying paper to keep the food fresh. That way your wife can keep leftovers so long you don't know they're leftovers. Years ago a roll of wax paper lasted one or two years. Now they use aluminum foil. It protects the food so good you can't get at it. I wanted to find out which keeps the food longer so I did an experiment. I sliced two tomatoes and wrapped one in wax paper and the other in aluminum foil, and put them in the refrigerator. After one week I opened them up. The slices in the wax paper were dried out and wrinkled . . . But the slices in the aluminum foil had healed into a whole tomato again.

**F**inally we were through shopping. Each of us pushed a cart full of food toward the front of the store. We looked like something out of wagon train.

This store had forty check-out counters. It was so busy it looked like we were all going through Customs. The bill was sixty-five dollars and thirty four cents. And we still had to buy bread and butter. When we got home we were so tired from shopping that we ate out. The moral is, you should eat first, because you'll have to pay later anyhow.



"How would you like to see "Camelot" he says . . ."



"Now, when Dennis arrives, I want you all to say, "Hello, Daddy."



# TV SPOT COMM

There are people on TV who live for just sixty seconds a day. They're the folks who do the testimonials like—

## THE FORMER MOVIE STAR

Hi, remember me—I didn't think you would. I'm Barrie Thyn, former movie star of the 30's. I always was the other woman. If there were two women in a picture and the critics said: "She gave a magnificently moving portrayal"—I was always the other woman.

Now, I'm shilling for this weight-reducing drink. My agent thought it would be good exposure for me as most people think I'm dead—including my immediate family.

## THE HOME APPLIANCE DEMONSTRATION

This is "Stay-Ready-Hold-Grip" glue, made by the manufacturers of "Ready-Hold-Grip" cement, of Stay-Ready, Vermont. I'm just going to put some of this glue on this block of wood and press this other block of wood to it.

There, now you have a useful hammer that will stay together for years, even weeks.

"Stay-Ready-Hold-Grip" is already being used in our government's space program. A lot of our Atlas Missiles are held together by this stuff—which may, in some small way, explain the missile lag.



# ERCIALS

I said I'd do it providing I didn't have to drink the stuff myself. My agent drank a bottle of the brew and got so plastered he drove his car into a brick wall. And they tried to tell me it isn't a crash diet.

THOSE SCIENTISTS AT CAPE CANAVERAL ARE SUPPOSED TO BE MAKING MISSILES AND THEY'RE STICKING BLOCKS OF WOOD TOGETHER ALL DAY.

Hi, Fans, Hank Metokovich, New York Professional Football Giants here. The best way to kick a football is with your foot. I kicked 32 field goals for the New York Professional Football Giants last season.



My biggest thrill was when I kicked Bronk Bedarik, Houston Eagles' right tackle, 42 yards. Bronk charged me and my foot caught him right under the chin for a perfect spiral.

Bronk told me later in the hospital it was the cleanest kick he had ever seen on a football field.



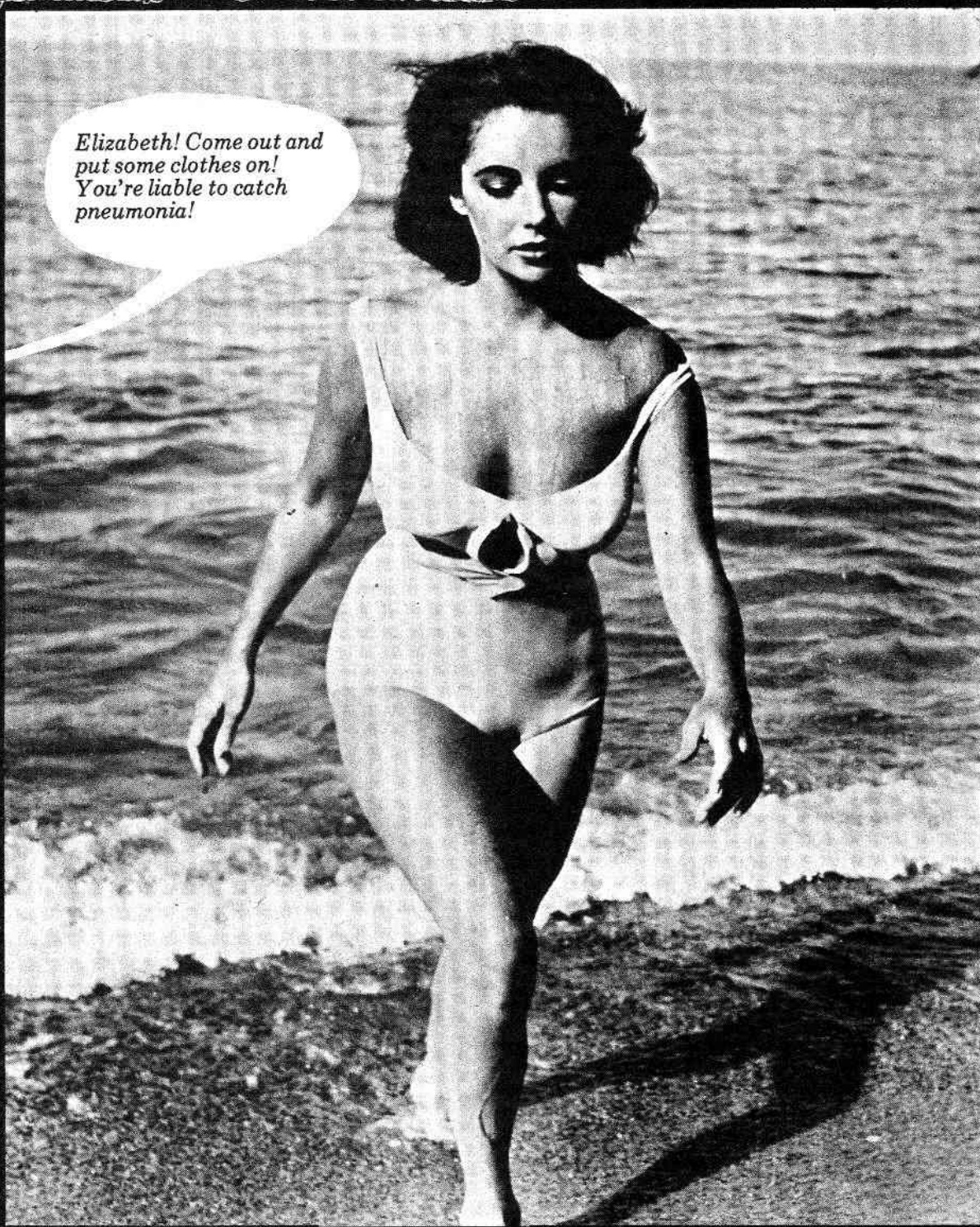
When I'm not kicking field goals or right tackles, I smoke to relax. Boy, what flavor. I'd send Bronk a pack of smokes, but he can't inhale yet. He's still breathing through a small tube the doctors inserted in his left ear.





SICK

*Elizabeth! Come out and  
put some clothes on!  
You're liable to catch  
pneumonia!*





# MONOLOGUE FOR SICK COMICS

This series of scripts for amateur entertainers has proven to be a springboard for many top comedians of the day. Fidel Castro, Patrice Lumumba, Charles DeGaulle, Jose Cardona, and Lou Holtz are just a few SICK readers who found fame and fortune with our monologues.

President Kennedy was hoping to use a SICK monologue for his Inaugural Address, but he chose an article in "Popular Mechanics" instead. And you see what kind of trouble he's having.

Here is a monologue on a Japanese Kamikaze Pilot. Learn it quickly before Buddy Hackett steals it.

By Dee Caruso  
and  
Bill Levine

The most economical air force in World War II was the Kamikazes of Japan. They never had to refuel. From captured Japanese newsreels we have been able to reconstruct a typical class of Kamikaze pilots listening to their instructor, the outstanding Kamikaze ace, Major Chung Ki Holtz. Here then, is Major Holtz giving one of his wonderful pep talks to a class of raw recruits ready to leave on their first solo mission—

Kamikazes, Banzai . . . Today you die . . . All of you are here because you have a very strong death wish . . . I'm here to see that you get your wish . . .

Remember—the only good Kamikaze is a dead Kamikaze . . .

Only one qualification for a good Kamikaze pilot: you have to be out of your mind . . . You all came here to become Kamikaze pilots . . . I am student of human nature. I'm curious why some of you came here—You, there, what is your name? Hari-Kari? Tell me, Hari, why did you join the Kamikazes? Because you like to fly . . . Well, you came to the right place, Hari. Here, you fly—straight down!

First thing you must learn is that this vehicle behind me that looks like an orange crate is an airplane . . . Why you look so puzzled? I said, this is an airplane . . . You never heard of an airplane before? This is a giant white bird that flies . . . Oh, that you heard of . . . What a bunch of grinning idiots they sent me this time.

Now, two things you must learn: how to take off and how to land very suddenly. You take off on wheels, but you land on your nose. It not so important you learn how to land because you only have to do it once. But it is most important you learn how to take off . . . A lot of our pilots have been cracking up on take-off. Objective of Kamikaze is American Naval shipping, not Japanese landing strip.

One thing I want to set straight. Lately we've noticed that several Kamikazes have been taking out flight insurance before take-off. This is not in the spirit and tradition of the Kamikaze. Our spirit is to die for the Emperor not pull a Julian Frank.

Kamikazes have long and honorable tradition. We were named after first Japanese air hero, Sam Kamikaze. Sam is the Jap ace who sank four American battleships. You might not have heard about this . . . it wasn't publicized much. It happened two years before Pearl Harbor.

Your orders are to seek out American naval ships and destroy them. Be careful not to destroy Japanese Naval ships. You have a question, Hari?

"How can you tell if a naval ship is American or Japanese?"

By the language they speak . . . Americans have sharp and clipped language. One trick to learn is that all Americans have trouble with the letter "r" . . . they pronounce them like "r's." Don't underestimate the intelligence of Americans just because they're tall and their skin is a funny color . . .

If there's one thing I learned in my business course at U.S.C., it's that Americans are clever people. And they make wonderful cheap meals. One thing wrong with American food . . . you eat American meal and you not hungry again for hours.

Now, let me ask you a question to see if you have been paying attention. What do you do if you sight American Aircraft carrier? All right, Hari, you're a bright boy . . . What would you do if you sighted an American Aircraft carrier? "You'd land on its deck."

No, Hari, your job is to destroy American navy, not join it. You would turn nose of your plane down and go into a dive and crash into aircraft carrier bursting into flames and destroying ship and everyone on it . . . What's that, Hari? "Then what do you do?"

Then, you come back here and we give you another plane.

Now, one other thing—I don't want anybody here playing hero. Last month a Kamikaze pilot took it into his head to crash into the White House. The fool got as far as Nevada before his fuel gave out. He crashed dived into a farmhouse. I repeat—Kamikaze objective is American Naval shipping not American farmhouse . . .

All right, they are warming up the planes . . . Soon, your mechanics will strap you into the cockpits. First, let's all have a glass of sake, together. Do you all have glass of sake? Good. (RAISING GLASS) Here's to your health!



# SICK

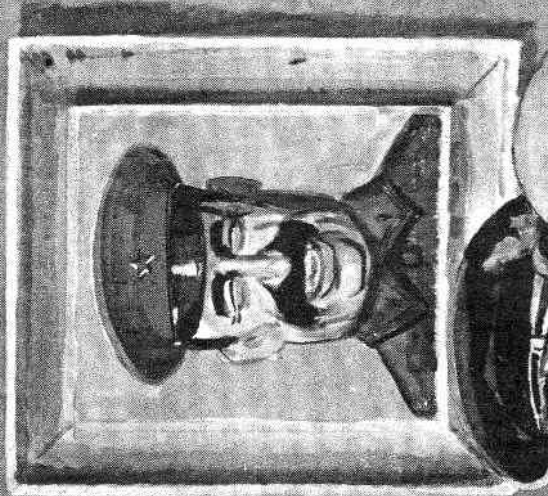
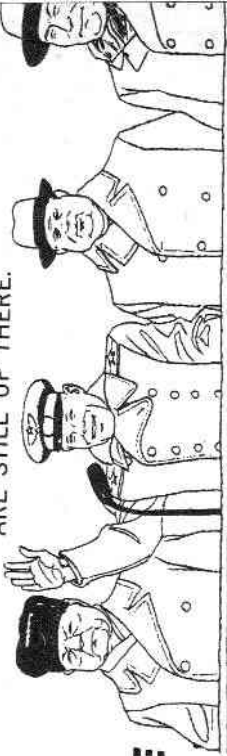
**FOR THE BEST LOVE SCENE**



# AWARD

**OF THE SPACE AGE**

I WANT TO THANK THE  
SCIENTISTS AND THE  
TECHNICIANS, AND THE  
SPACEMEN WHO WENT  
BEFORE ME—PARTICU-  
LARLY THE ONES WHO  
ARE STILL UP THERE.



Enough already, Nikita.  
The ceremony is over!

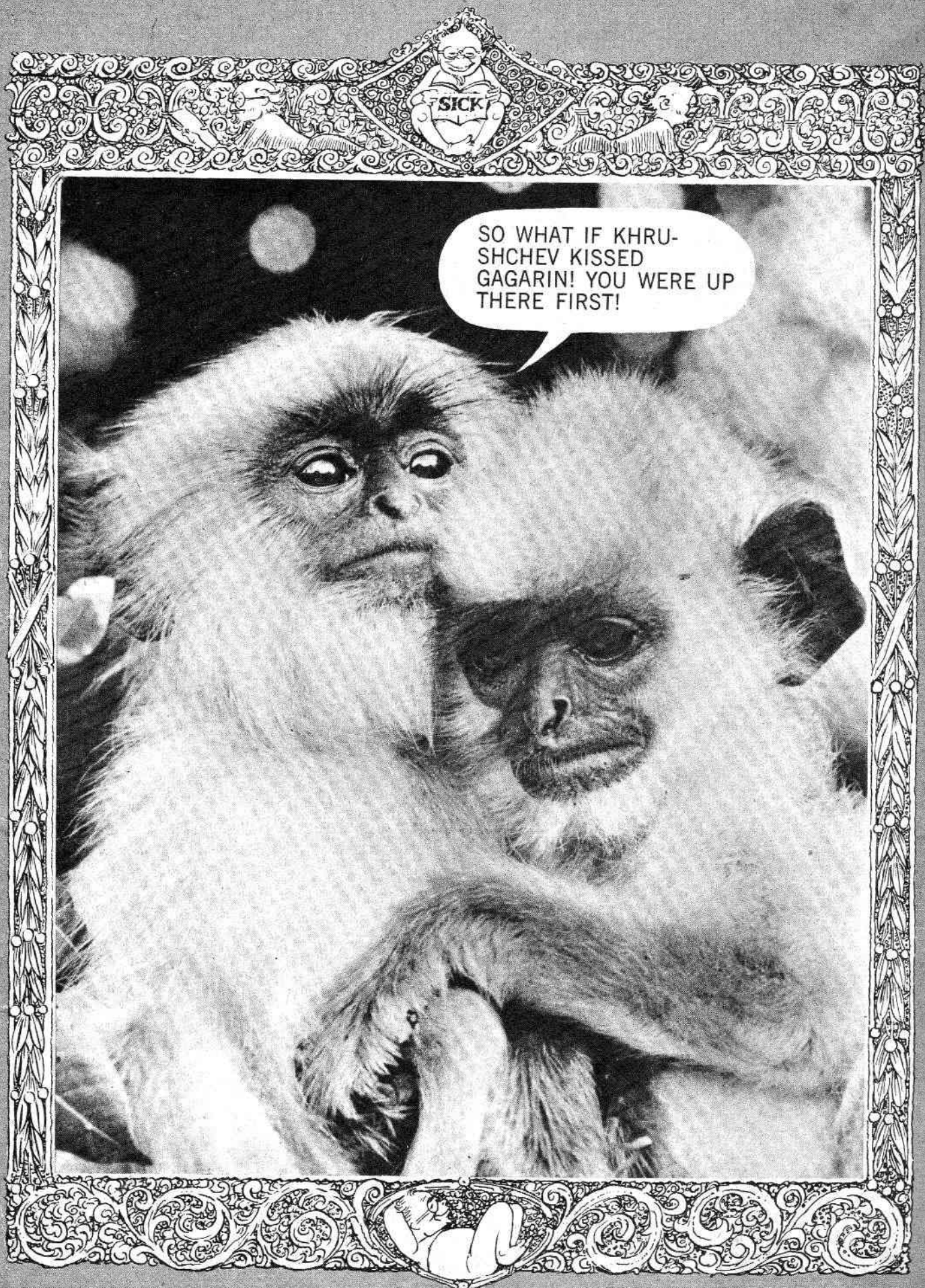




A SICK PIN-UP









# Brando Goes Way Out-- West

**C**owboy pictures are as much a part of the American heritage as coke and custard pie . . . The first Western was "The Great Train Robbery" (1958). The original cast of that picture never made another film. They liked their parts so well they spent the rest of their lives robbing trains.

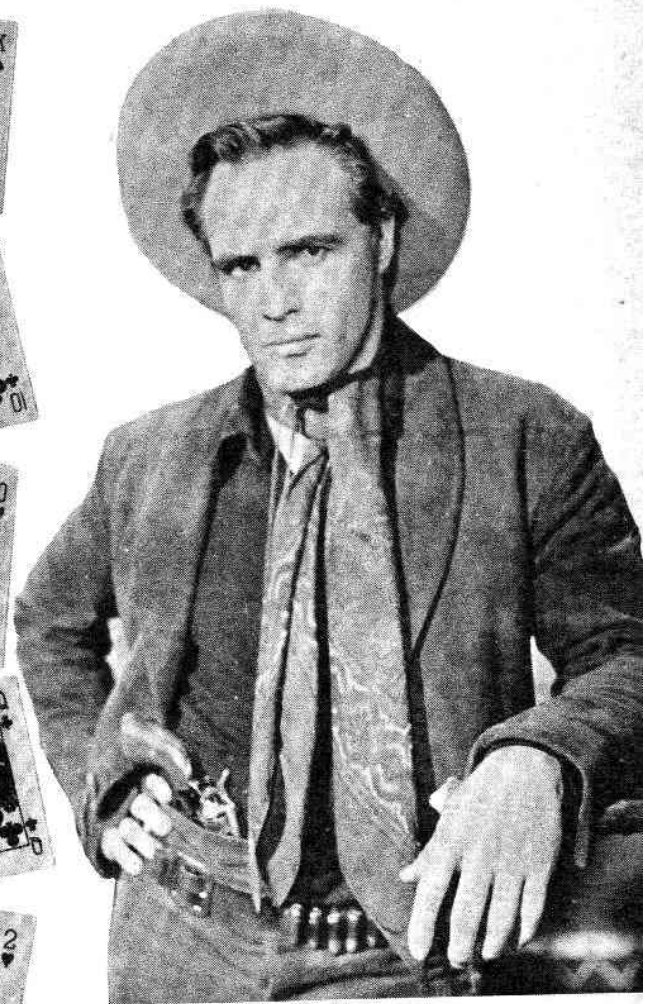
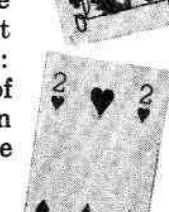
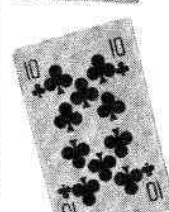
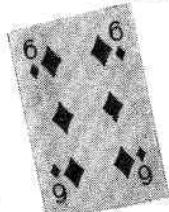
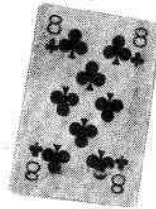
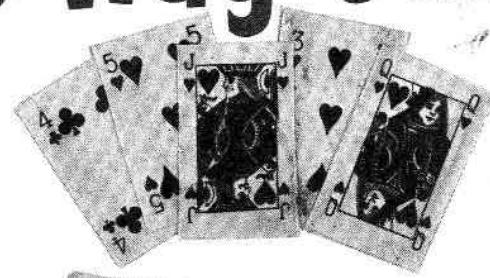
Some top Hollywood stars have come out of Westerns: Rossano Brazzi, Sessue Hayakawa, Alec Guinness, and Lee Tracy. Westerns are simple to make . . . they all have the same plot — a small stretch of desert outside of El Cino, California. The first Westerns were aimed at the 14-year-old minds, but Hollywood producers got worried — they were making pictures that went over the 13-year-old minds, the very kids who control the nation's wealth, along with our NATO allies.

Soon Adult Westerns became popular. They were the same as the Westerns made before, but the actors were older. It only stands to reason . . . any top Hollywood movie star who was thirty in 1920 would have to be forty in 1960. But the really great stars never grow old. Cary Grant looks as young today as he did when he made his first movie (1873). Friends say Cary has a portrait of himself up in his attic that died last year.

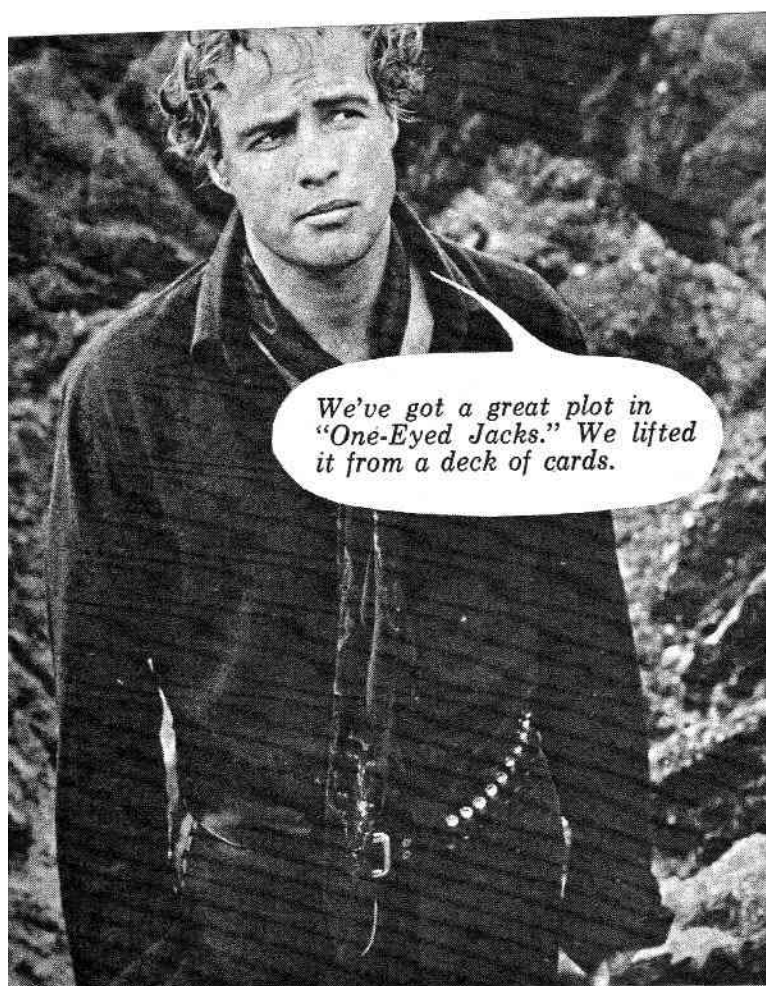
"One-Eyed Jacks" marks the first time Marlon Brando has directed a movie, but you'd never know it. You'd never know anybody directed the movie. Brando is unquestionably America's greatest actor . . . Yet, people say he mumbles. That Brando thinks one mumble is worth a thousand words . . . There are half a dozen top male stars who speak so you can understand every word they utter. That's the trouble. The way we look at it, it's half a dozen of one or six of the utter.

Brando brought a new excitement to the screen. Who can forget his torn T-shirt in "Streetcar Named Desire," his leather jacket in "The Wild One" and his unforgettable scene in "On the Waterfront," when he sat in the back seat of that car with his brother (Rod Steiger) and said: "Charlie, I coulda bin Heavyweight Champion of the World . . . I coulda bin Heavyweight Champion of the World, Charlie, except my name wasn't Joe Louis . . ."

*I coulda bin heavyweight champion but I could never understand the ref's instructions.*





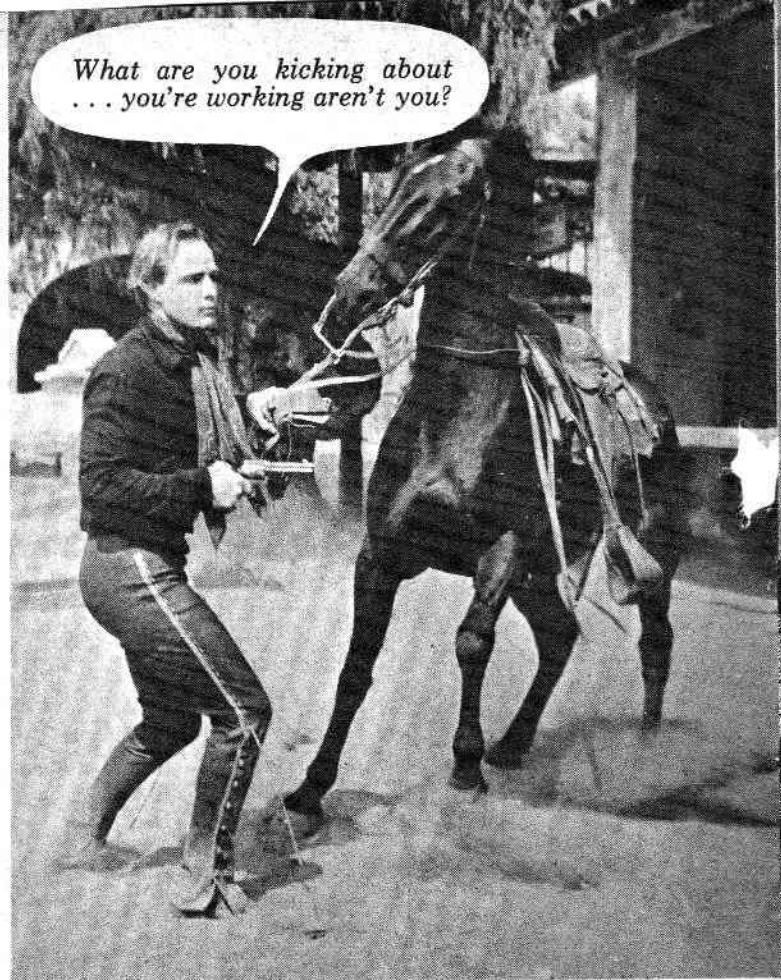


*We've got a great plot in "One-Eyed Jacks." We lifted it from a deck of cards.*

#### **BRANDO LIKED BEING HIS OWN DIRECTOR.**

"I was easy to work for." Did you like working for Elia Kazan, Marlon? "We had a serious language barrier . . . I couldn't understand the funny way he talks." Does Kazan speak Armenian? "No, I speak Armenian. That's why a lot of people think I mumble." Do Armenians think you mumble? "Yes, but in Hungarian."

**HERE ARE THE STARS** of "One-Eyed Jacks," Katy Jurado, sometimes wife of Ernest Borgnine, Karl Malden, Pina Pellicer, and Brando. Malden appeared with Brando in "Streetcar" and as a priest in "Waterfront." Brando said of his role in that picture: "It was Karl's greatest role. He was so good in the part, he performed three marriages while we were shooting the picture—just shows you that mixed-up marriages can work."



*What are you kicking about . . . you're working aren't you?*

**MARLON LEARNED TO RIDE A HORSE** for his new picture. Did you have any accidents during the filming? "Once a horse fell on me." That must have been a terrible experience. "Yes, but the crew thought quickly . . . they did the right thing . . . they made us get up off the ground and made the horse get right up on me again, so he could conquer his fear of riding again."



*I've left Borgnine—I'm charging him with mental cruelty.*

*Yea, I heard he hit you over the head with a bottle.*





*Do you want  
some duck sauce  
with those knuckles?*

*I love  
Mexican food.*

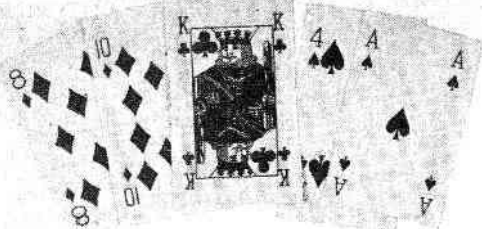


*To think, I once wanted  
to be his altar boy ...*

**BRANDO'S STUNT MAN FALLS** in love with Malden's daughter, Pina Pellicer. This is the first movie Pina has ever been in, but you'd never know it—you'd never know she was in the movie. Brando is one of the great lovers of our day. As soon as he came to Hollywood he played torrid love scenes with Vivien Leigh, Jean Peters and Eva Marie Saint. He would grab them savagely and make passionate love to them. Then Marlon settled down to business and started making pictures.

**WHEN MALDEN FINDS OUT** about the romance he whips Brando. This is one of the most brutal scenes in the movie. The remarkable thing is that Brando didn't use a double for this scene. Of course, Malden didn't use a whip either.





**BRANDO IS COMFORTED** by a Mexican woman (Miriam Colon). "Is it true all Mexican women look like Dolores Del Rio?" She: "No, they're built like Dolores Del Rio, but they look like Carmen Basilio." "I like you but you're too old, rough and tough for me. How old are you?" She: "12 . . . People say I look like a young Carmen Basilio."

**HEALED FROM HIS BEATING** at the hands of Anna Kasfi, Brando returns to his love. She: Does your back still hurt? Brando: "Only when I cha-cha . . ."

**THE PICTURE ENDS** abruptly with Brando and Malden riding into the sunset. No one knows where they're going or why. That seemed to be the trouble with the picture . . . it lacked direction.

Who do you intend to get to direct your next picture, Marlon? "A mumbling Armenian . . ."



Where do you think you know me from?

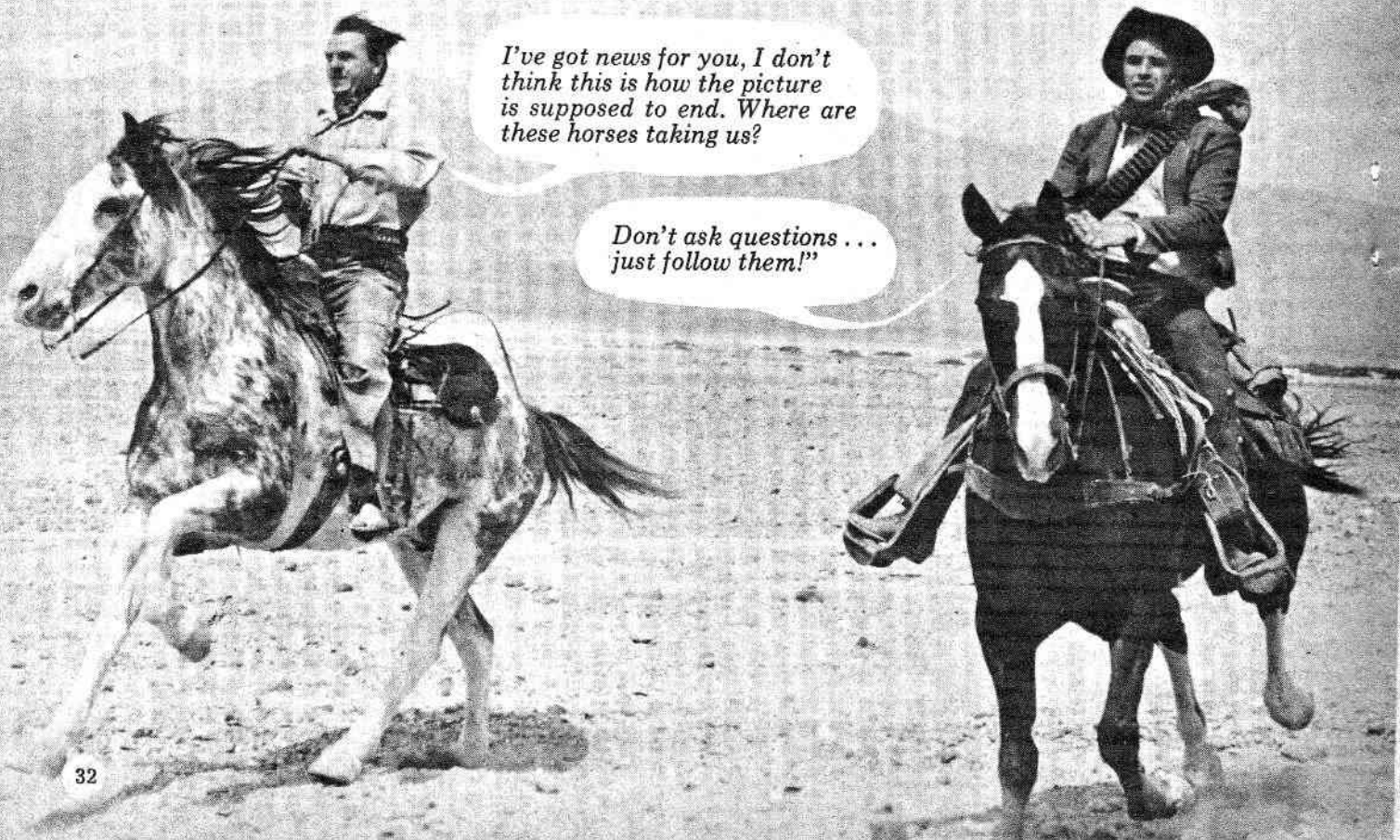
The second Ray Robinson fight?



The portrait in Cary Grant's attic just died.

It's a bad day for the British, they just electrocuted the Invisible Man . . . they think

They're not sure he's dead. They're afraid to remove the bandages.



I've got news for you, I don't think this is how the picture is supposed to end. Where are these horses taking us?

Don't ask questions . . . just follow them!"

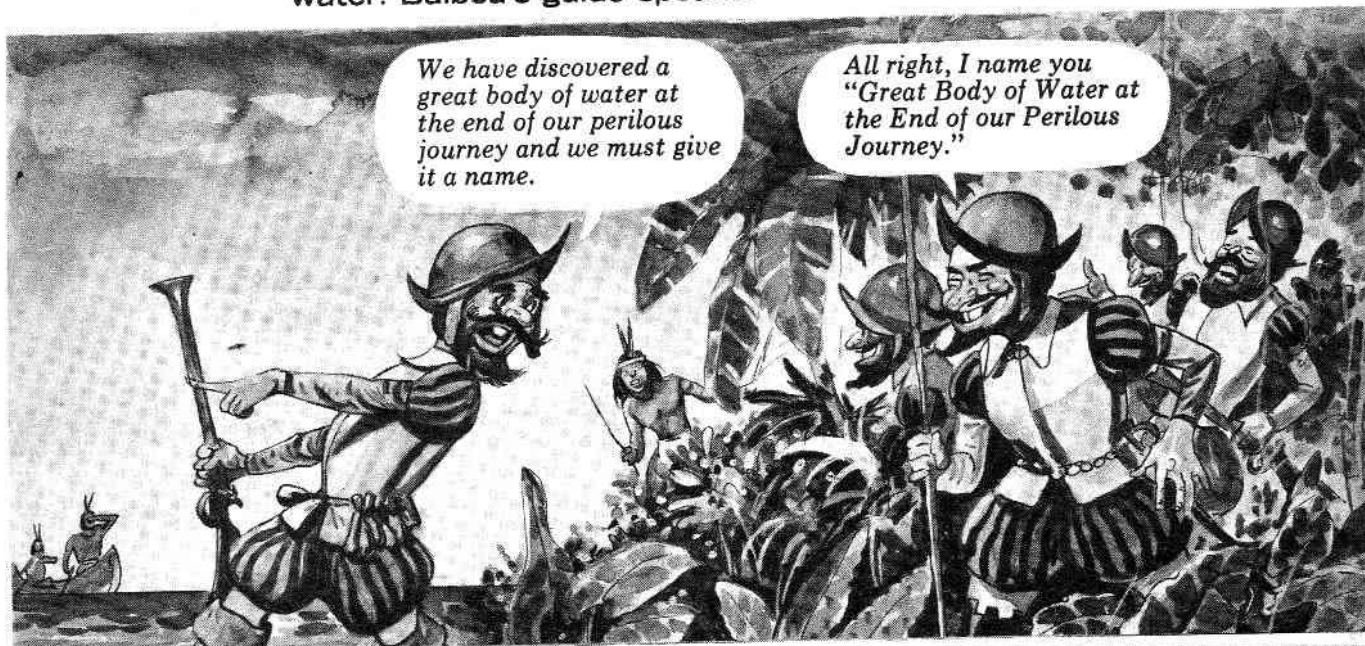


SICK recognizes the need for more educational information between its covers since many students are reading the magazine in preference to their own textbooks. This situation could lead to a very illiterate electorate in future years. Here then, is a SICK . . .

# History Lesson

## DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

Balboa and his group of adventurers trek through the swamps and underbrush and come upon a large body of water. Balboa's guide speaks:

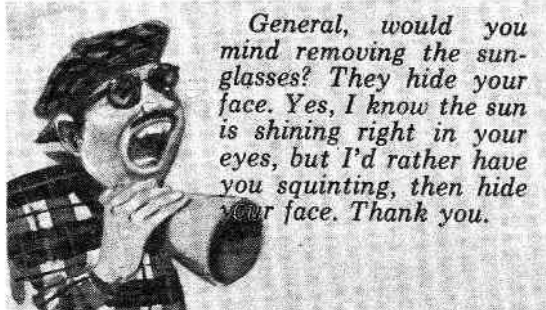




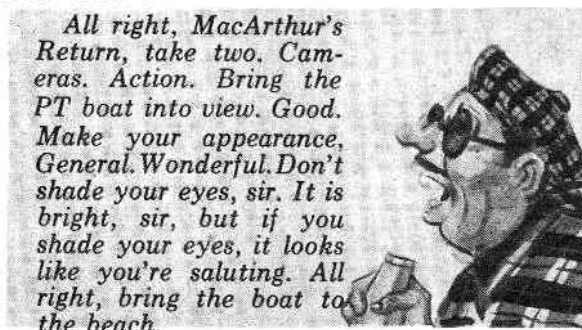
# GENERAL MACARTHUR'S RETURN TO CORREGIDOR

All right, ready with the cameras. Start the simulated gunfire. Good, now bring the PT boat into the cove. All right, General, make your appearance. Good. Now, ready to make your return, wait a minute, sir. CUT!

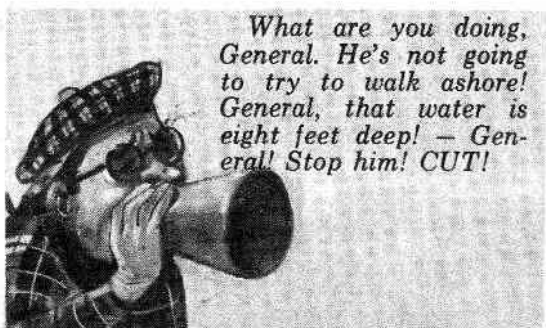
The director is waiting on the beach at Corregidor as the General's PT boat comes into view. He shouts instructions to the cameramen set up on the beach:



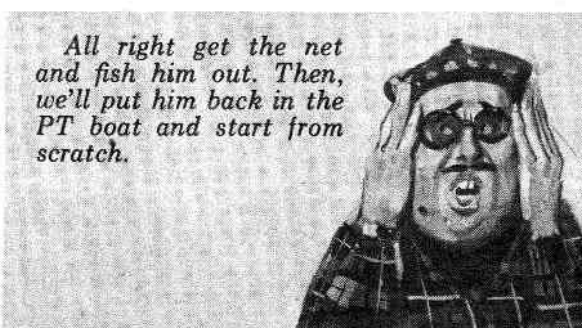
General, would you mind removing the sunglasses? They hide your face. Yes, I know the sun is shining right in your eyes, but I'd rather have you squinting, then hide your face. Thank you.



All right, MacArthur's Return, take two. Cameras. Action. Bring the PT boat into view. Good. Make your appearance, General. Wonderful. Don't shade your eyes, sir. It is bright, sir, but if you shade your eyes, it looks like you're saluting. All right, bring the boat to the beach.



What are you doing, General. He's not going to try to walk ashore! General, that water is eight feet deep! — General! Stop him! CUT!



All right get the net and fish him out. Then, we'll put him back in the PT boat and start from scratch.



# HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS

Please turn back . . . the elephants are exhausted.

No, I can't turn back. I promised the elephants we'd cross the Alps.

É. Morey

Hannibal's army is high up in the Alps when an aide confronts the general:

But we'll turn around and go back the way we came and tell the elephants we made the entire trip.

No, I promised the elephants.

They wouldn't know.

Yes, they would—elephants never forget.

But, sir, the snow drifts are fourteen feet high and another blizzard is expected momentarily.

We can't turn back. We'll have to camp here and wait for summer.

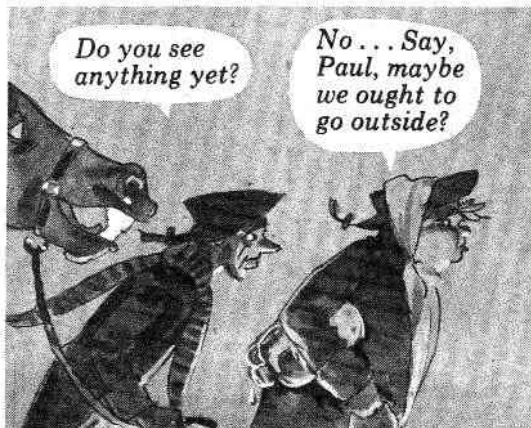
But, General, this is summer.



# PAUL REVERE'S RIDE



Paul Revere and his neighbor wait for the signal that will set the Revolutionary War in motion.





# CUSTER'S LAST STAND



Lieutenant, how does the situation look?

Well, sir, we've lost 145 of our troops. We are completely surrounded by Apaches, and we have only five rounds of ammunition left. A pestilence is sweeping our ranks and famine is spreading.

But the morale of the men is still good.

General Custer stands in the middle of his remaining forces. They are completely surrounded by wild Apache Indians. The General speaks to his next in command:

Don't you see the seriousness of the situation, General, we're facing total annihilation.

Don't fret, Lieutenant, the cavalry will come over that hill in the nick of time. I've seen it happen a thousand times. You'll hear the loud charge on the bugle and the cavalry, 1,000 men strong, will come charging down on the Apaches...

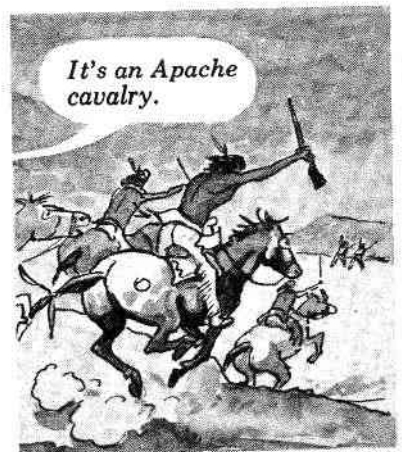
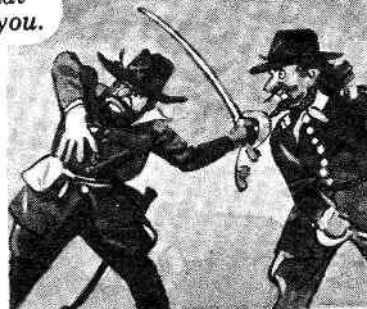
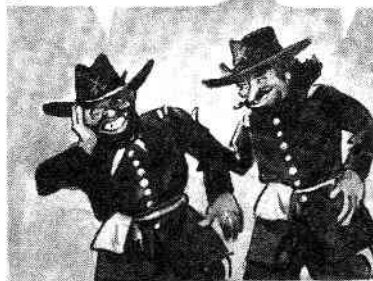
By gosh, you're right, sir. There's the sound of the bugle. And there's the cavalry, 1,000 strong, coming over the hill.

There, what did I tell you.

Wait a minute, General.

What's wrong?

It's an Apache cavalry.





Doctors have been in the spotlight ever since Doctor Finch and his receptive receptionist, Carole Tregoff made it big. Today, it is impossible to separate show business from surgery.

There was "Medic" on TV and "Not As A Stranger" on the screen. Now, they are reviving "Dr. Kildaire" on TV, which might not interest you, but will interest Lew Ayers. Lew Ayers appeared in 64 Dr. Kildaire movies, eventually he began performing delicate surgery on his own.

He had a thriving practice going until the A.M.A. made him cut it out. It wasn't that he didn't have a license—it was just that he didn't smoke the right brand of cigarettes.

But surgery has become very commercial and everybody gets a big kick out of the excitement of an "opening" night, so now we take you to the amphitheater where an important incision is about to be made. The house lights dim, and our action begins—

Good afternoon, kids, and welcome to Afternoon Jive Section. It's always a tremendous thrill for me to play Glick Hospital. Before we begin cutting up our first patient, I'd like to introduce the man who will assist me on the ether this afternoon—Dr. Robert Slumber, who has just completed a successful three-weeks engagement at the Mayo Clinic where he was held over for observation.

# the

Thank you, Dr. Sturgeon. For my first incision this afternoon, I'd like to...

May I interrupt you, Slumber. I think you're forgetting procedure. The rubber gloves—it's a lot cleaner that way...



I've read that book, Doctor—written by the eminent brain surgeon, Frontal Lomb—interesting chapter on how Dr. Lomb performed a delicate brain operation on himself... What does the manual call for in this case?

Let's see... "How to remove a wrist watch from a man's stomach"... here it is on Page 68... "wrist watch... how to remove... Longine... Benrus... Oh, here it is... Bulova—8 jewel, self-winding."





# SURGEONS

Yes—and can any of the students tell me why we wear rubber gloves during an operation? So we won't leave any fingerprints—Nooo... Yes, Hoffmeyer—for sanitary purposes—that's right. Hoffmeyer—it's quite a spectacle when the janitor has to answer my questions.

I know you've seen this operation before, Hoffmeyer, so don't be such a loud mouth.

He's obviously drunk.

Our patient today has rather unusual symptoms—bloodshot eyes, shaking hands, high temperature... red face... we found him lying unconscious in a gutter.

You have a lightning-quick diagnostic mind, Dr. Sturgeon, but you're wrong—this drunk has swallowed his wrist watch... Now, students, this is a simple operation. Any of you could perform this yourself at home. Just get this handy manual, "Surgery—Self-Taught" a handy reference book which no home operating room should be without.

What does the book recommend?

Make your incision right above the wrist band.

Good line, Sturgeon, I think you caught a vein, but the watch looks in good shape. What's wrong, man?

I think the watch has stopped running.

Couldn't have—I can hear it ticking plainly.

Stupid—that's the patient's heart.

Well, you can't win them all.

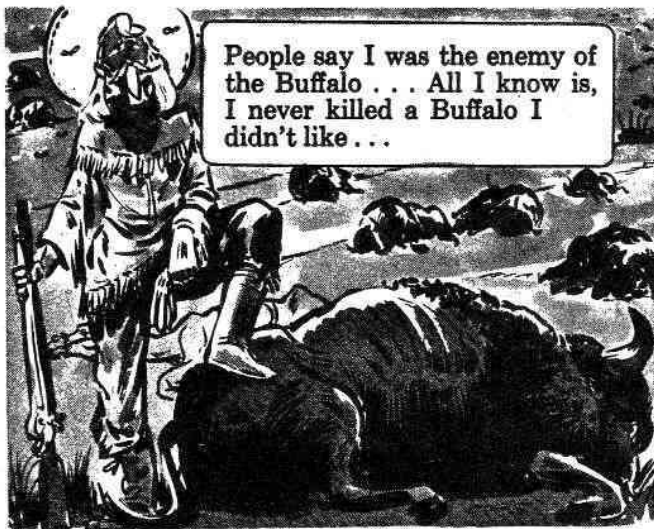


With all the shows on Television today honoring our Western heroes, one of our greatest cowboys has been grossly neglected. To remedy this situation, SICK presents—

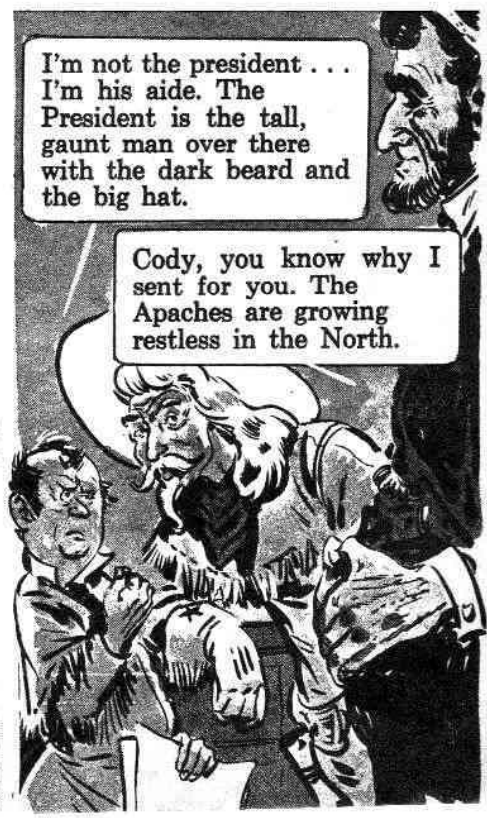
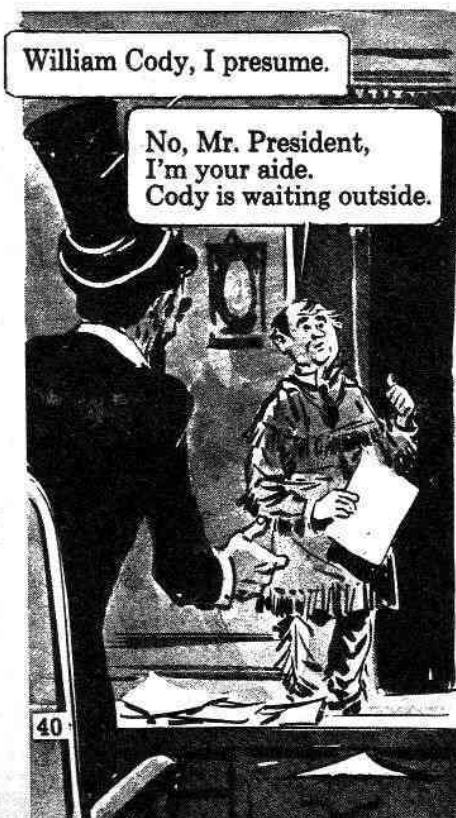
# The Saga of

This is the story of a man and his country . . .  
The man: BUFFALO BILL CODY . . .

Our story begins when Buffalo Bill is summoned to the White House by President Lincoln.



A man mounts the steps of the White House. Tired and bedraggled, dressed in tattered buckskins, he enters the President's private chambers. The President rises to greet him.





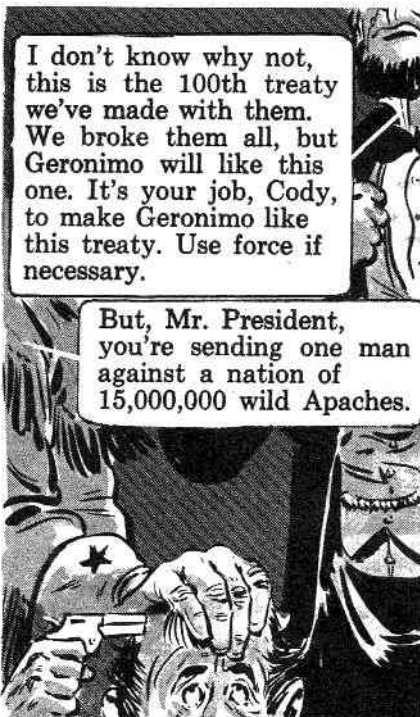


# Buffalo Bill



Cody, I want you to ride into Apache territory with a treaty.

Will the Apaches accept another treaty?



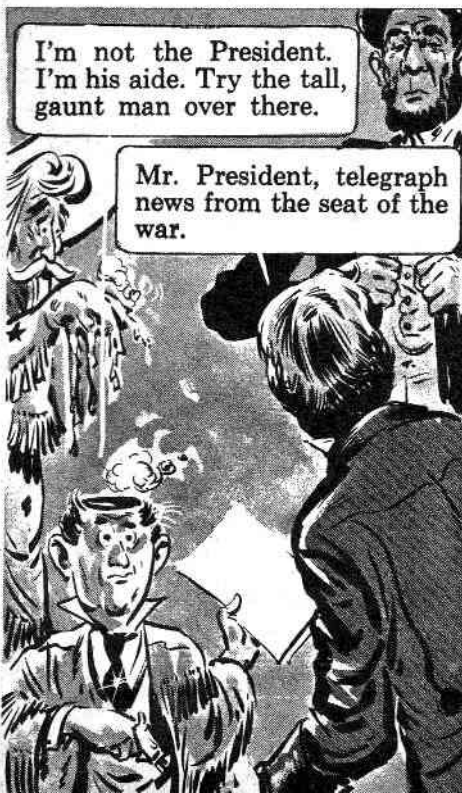
I don't know why not, this is the 100th treaty we've made with them. We broke them all, but Geronimo will like this one. It's your job, Cody, to make Geronimo like this treaty. Use force if necessary.

But, Mr. President, you're sending one man against a nation of 15,000,000 wild Apaches.



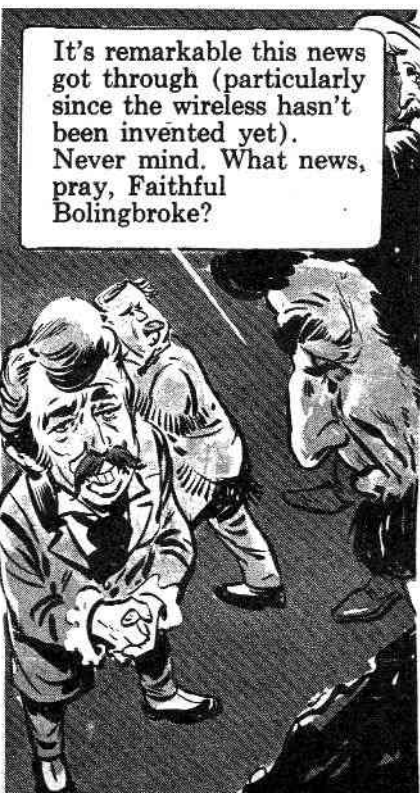
Right, Cody, we're relying heavily on the element of surprise. And remember, Cody, you can fool some of the Apaches some of the time and you Apache some of the fools . . .

Mr. President, news from the front . . .



I'm not the President. I'm his aide. Try the tall, gaunt man over there.

Mr. President, telegraph news from the seat of the war.



It's remarkable this news got through (particularly since the wireless hasn't been invented yet). Never mind. What news, pray, Faithful Bolingbroke?



General Grant has been pushed across the Chickahominy . . .

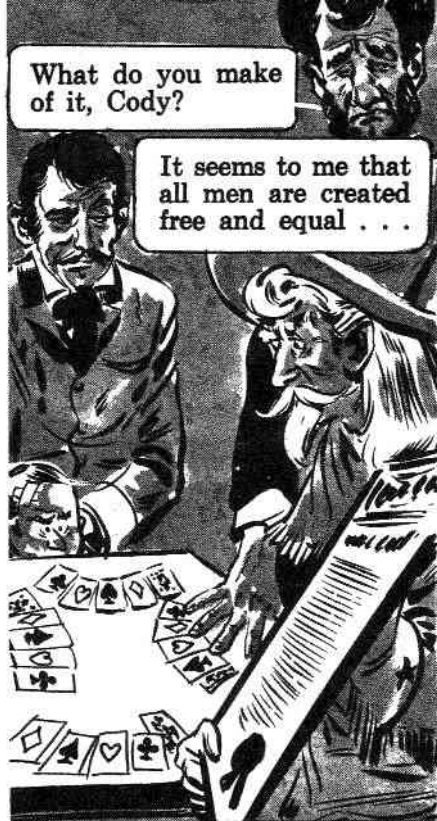
Pushed backwards or forwards?

Forward.



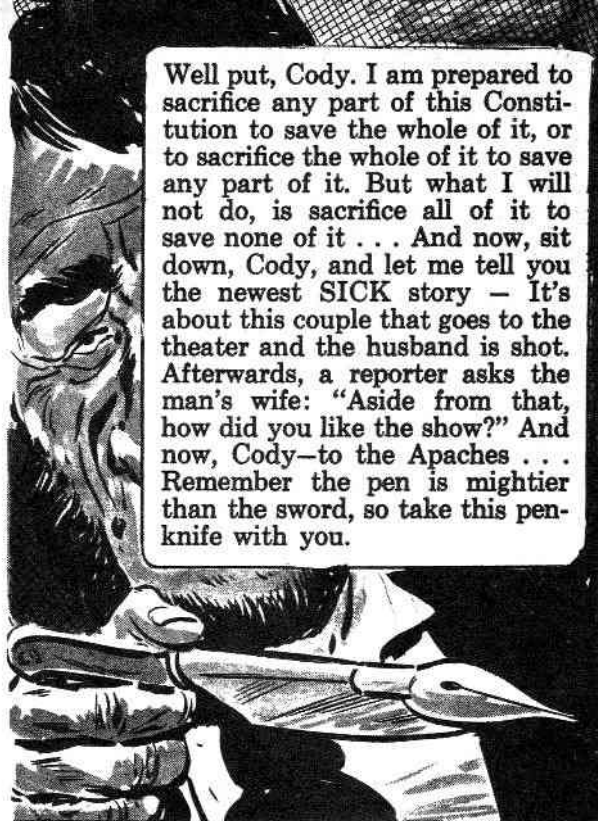


Duncan woods have come to Chickahominy . . . Fetch me the Constitution.



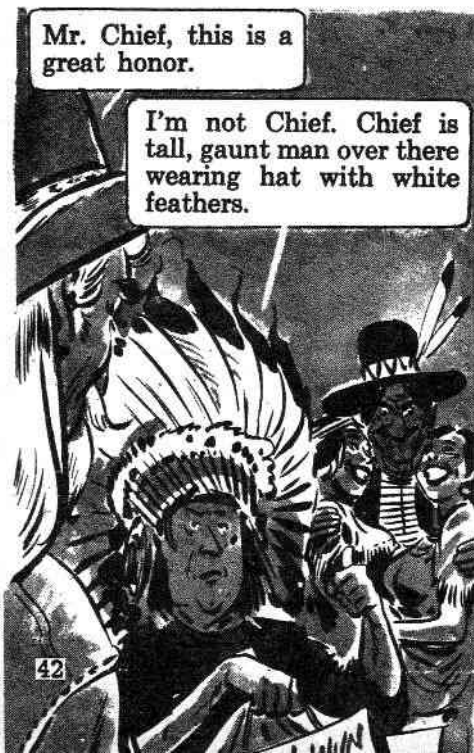
What do you make of it, Cody?

It seems to me that all men are created free and equal . . .



Well put, Cody. I am prepared to sacrifice any part of this Constitution to save the whole of it, or to sacrifice the whole of it to save any part of it. But what I will not do, is sacrifice all of it to save none of it . . . And now, sit down, Cody, and let me tell you the newest SICK story — It's about this couple that goes to the theater and the husband is shot. Afterwards, a reporter asks the man's wife: "Aside from that, how did you like the show?" And now, Cody—to the Apaches . . . Remember the pen is mightier than the sword, so take this pen-knife with you.

Cody rides across the desert and enters Apache reservation bearing a white flag. Cody addresses the Chief, Geronimo.



Mr. Chief, this is a great honor.

I'm not Chief. Chief is tall, gaunt man over there wearing hat with white feathers.



Why do you ride under white flag?

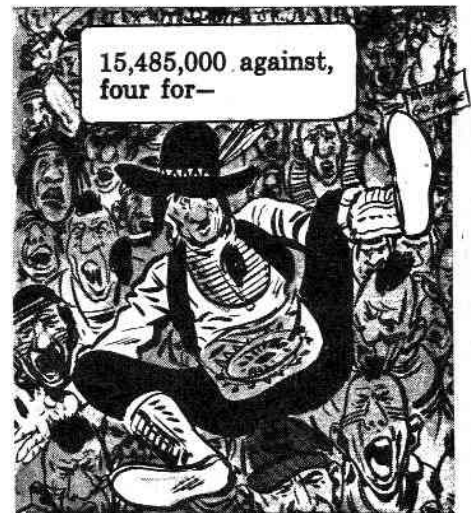
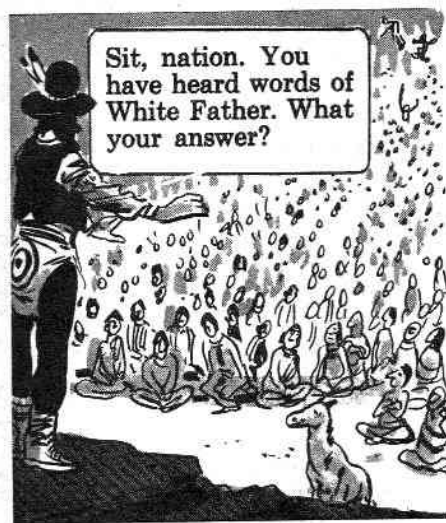
White flag is symbol of truce, Chief.



Not in this territory. Here, white flag means war.

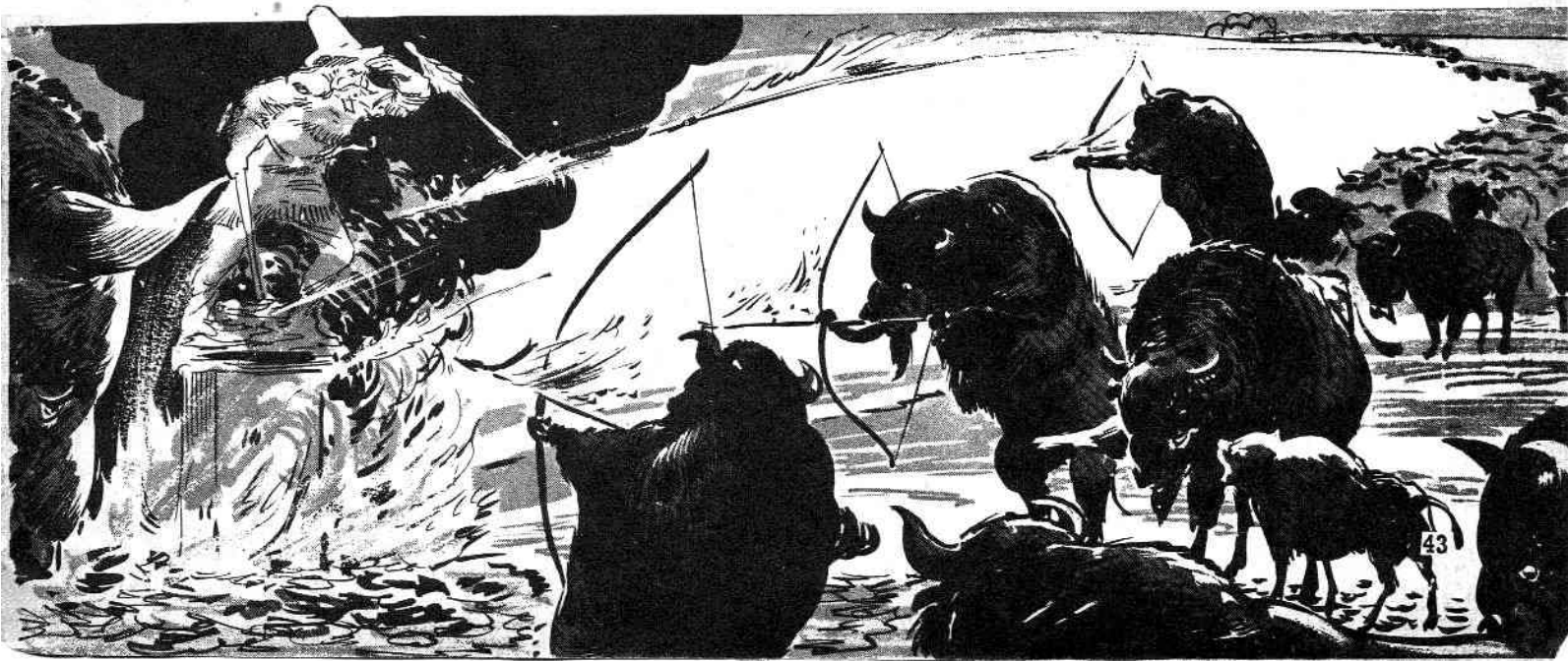
I have been commissioned by the President . .





The rest is history. Cody died by Indian Execution. He was covered with leaves and straw and the Apaches fired flaming arrows into him. He, in turn, set fire to the leaves and straw.

Cody's body is buried out in the old prairie. And if you visit his grave, you'll see thousands of wild buffalo coming from miles around piling Cody's tombstone high with straw and dry leaves and firing flaming arrows into his grave . . .





# NAME THAT NAME contest

Are you tired of wars? Fed up with work or school? Taxes and Khrushchev got you down? Well, why not get away from it all like our space-conscious celebrities pictured here. On the other hand, if you're just tired of being poor, you can win a bundle by guessing the identities of the characters our artist has caricatured.

**SICK** is shelling out fifty bucks for the most correct names and ten dollars each for the next five. In case of duplicate winners, prizes will be split. All entries become the property of **SICK** Magazine and the decision of judges will be final. And all that jazz. Contest closes August 15th, 1961.

Send entries to

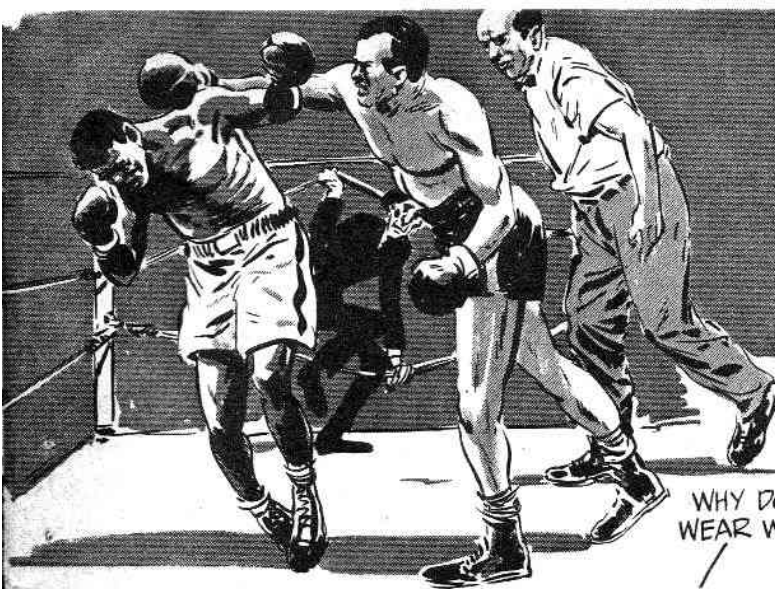
**SICK** Magazine  
32 W. 22nd St.  
New York 10, N. Y.

And drop us a line if you  
can spare the time. We  
like to hear from you.





# Sports



HOW MANY FIGHTS HAVE YOU REFEREED?

122... 108 WINS,  
4 DEFEATS AND  
10 DRAWS.



WHAT INSTRUCTIONS DO YOU  
GIVE THE FIGHTERS BEFORE  
THE BOUT?

I WARN THEM ABOUT  
LOW BLOWS, BUTTING  
AND RABBIT PUNCHES!



WHAT IS THE  
REFeree'S MAIN JOB?

YOU ARE A HISTORIAN OF  
BOXING. TELL ME WHEN  
DID PRIZEFIGHTERS  
START WEARING  
GLOVES?

WHY DO REFEREES  
WEAR WHITE SHIRTS?

TO DISTINGUISH US  
FROM THE FIGHTERS.

NOT TO GET HIT.

AROUND NOVEMBER  
FIRST... WHEN THE  
COLD WEATHER  
SET IN.

DO MANY FIGHTERS  
USE THESE BLOWS?

NO... BUT  
I DO.



WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE  
BETWEEN SIX AND EIGHT  
OUNCE GLOVES?

TWO OUNCES.

WHAT'S THE MOST  
SAVAGE FIGHT YOU  
EVER WORKED?

THE GORILLA  
BROWN, TIGER  
HART BRAWL...  
THEY FOUGHT  
LIKE WILD  
ANIMALS!

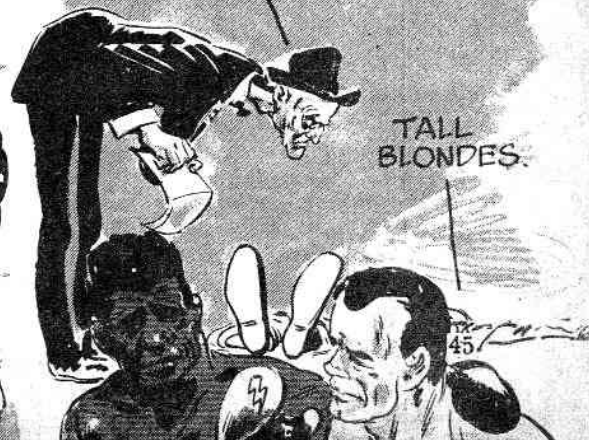
WHO  
PROMOTED  
THAT FIGHT?

FRANK BUCK!



YOU'VE BEEN THE THIRD MAN IN  
THE RING FOR THREE PATTERSON-  
JOHANSSON FIGHTS... WHAT WOULD  
YOU SAY WAS JOHANSSON'S  
BIGGEST WEAKNESS?

TALL  
BLONDES.





# THERE'S NO BUSINESS LIKE THE SNOW JOB BUSINESS

CASE STUDY #1  
FREE LANCE COP

Ever since a ball room dancer wrote a book on how to roll up a million dollars on the stock market, everybody is interested in making big money.

On these pages, SICK presents several case studies on people who have made good with sheer initiative, imagination, guts, know how, no scruples, and no conscience.

By Bernie Kahn

## CASE STUDY #2 "GOING OUT OF BUSINESS" EXECUTIVE



Frank Candid owns this Going-Out-Of-Business store. Frank has been in the "Going-out-of-business" business for over 15 years and he hasn't gone out of business yet. Frank has had this same location all that time. Frank caters mostly to out-of-towners.



Frank explains: "The tourists will buy anything . . . trinkets, watches . . . costume jewelry, even dust. They think they're getting big bargains, but what do out-of-towners know? If they knew anything, they'd be New Yorkers." Frank is a millionaire today and he owes it all to those going out of business signs.



Frank has plans of starting a whole chain of going out of business stores. Frank only once had a fire sale at his store. He sold five fires.

## CASE STUDY #4 MISS SOB SISTER



This is Nora Bates, who writes a column on giving advice to the lovelorn. During the past ten years she's busted up over 300 homes, she's been instrumental in the violent deaths of 112 unfaithful wives and she's got 400 children to leave their parents.

46

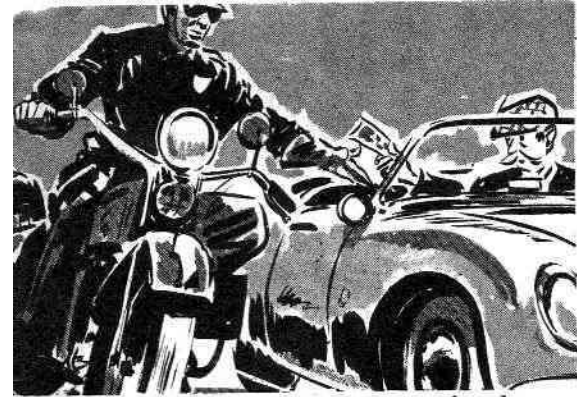


It is truly amazing what Nora is able to do with the emotions and lives of American men and women, especially when you consider the only training she's had for this job was working for a year as a pin setter in a Los Angeles bowling alley.

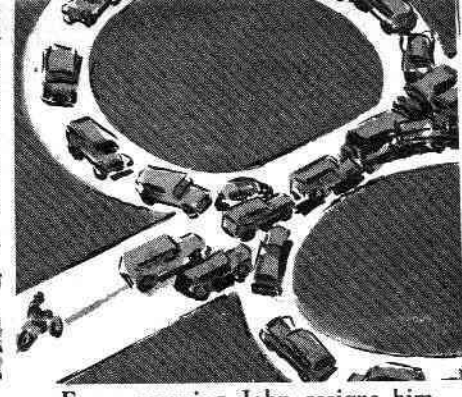


Nora will tell you that very few Americans can make a decision on their own. It must be comforting to know that when people need personal advice, a woman like Nora is available with all the answers. Comforting to our enemies.





This is John Capone, a free lance cop. John doesn't belong to any particular police force. . . . He's in business for himself. John rents the uniform and the motorcycle. The nasty expression is his own.



Every morning John assigns himself a beat at a busy intersection. So far, John has confined himself to traffic violations, but next year he hopes to expand his business to include homicide and missing persons.



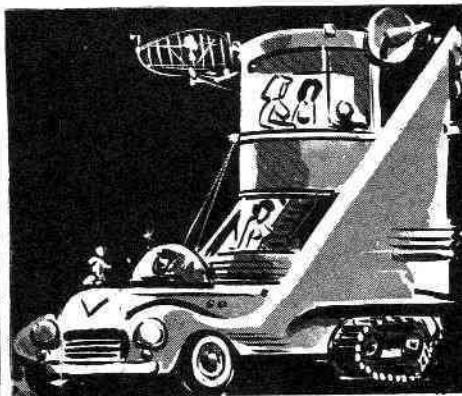
John clears a couple of hundred dollars a day, but a good portion of what he earns goes into John's compulsory pension plan. Next year, John plans to really turn his career into big business—he's running a policeman's ball. That's where the real money is.

### CASE STUDY #3

### USED CAR DEALER

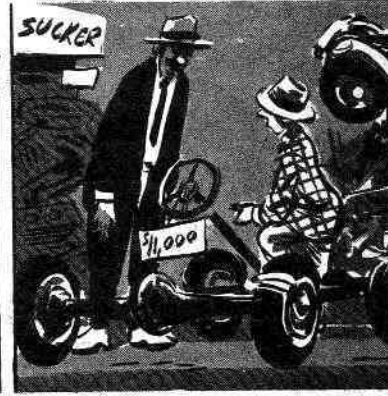


This is Honest John. He sells used cars. He used to be known as Honest Carr . . . that was when he sold used johns. John's special for today is a fully equipped Tucker. This car has only 50,000 miles on it. 49,000 of those miles are from driving to and from garages for major repairs.



Parts for Tucker cars are available at all frozen custard stands.

For the Hollywood type folk, Henry has a real sleek job. It's 105 feet long, two stories high and comes with a live superintendent.

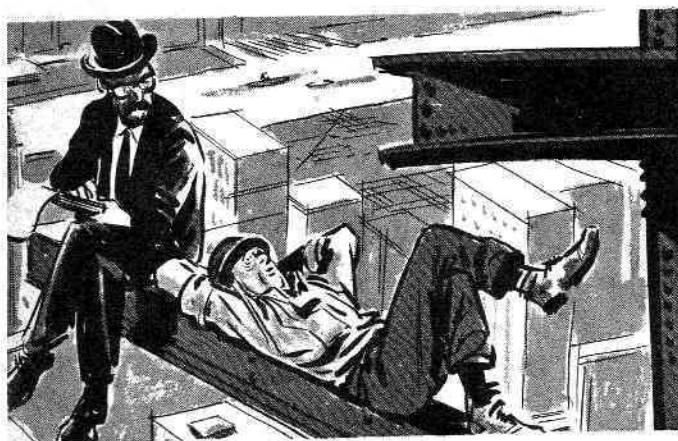


If you want something a little less showy, John has a car stripped down to its bare essentials . . . Four tires and a steering wheel.

Just goes to prove that America is the land of the free and the home of the brave. John has to be pretty brave to pull what he's pulling.

### CASE STUDY #5

### TRAVELLING PSYCHIATRIST



This is Dr. Sickmund Freud, a traveling psychiatrist. All of Sickmund's patients are too busy working to take time to see him, so he goes to them.



This nut beside Sickmund has a pretty rough problem. He thinks he can fly—you know, just flap his arms and fly. Dr. Freud has been analyzing him for a year, and they're still working on his takeoff. Dr. Freud will teach him flying and landing at future sessions.



If you have any mental problems and you don't have the time to go see a psychiatrist, give Sickmund Freud a ring. You'll find him listed in the phone book under "Fraud."



# the SICKniks

WROTE BY HOWARD OSTWIND

THE WORLD  
IS FLAT..

IT'S  
ROUND..



IT'S FLAT!

IT'S  
ROUND!



IT'S FLAT!

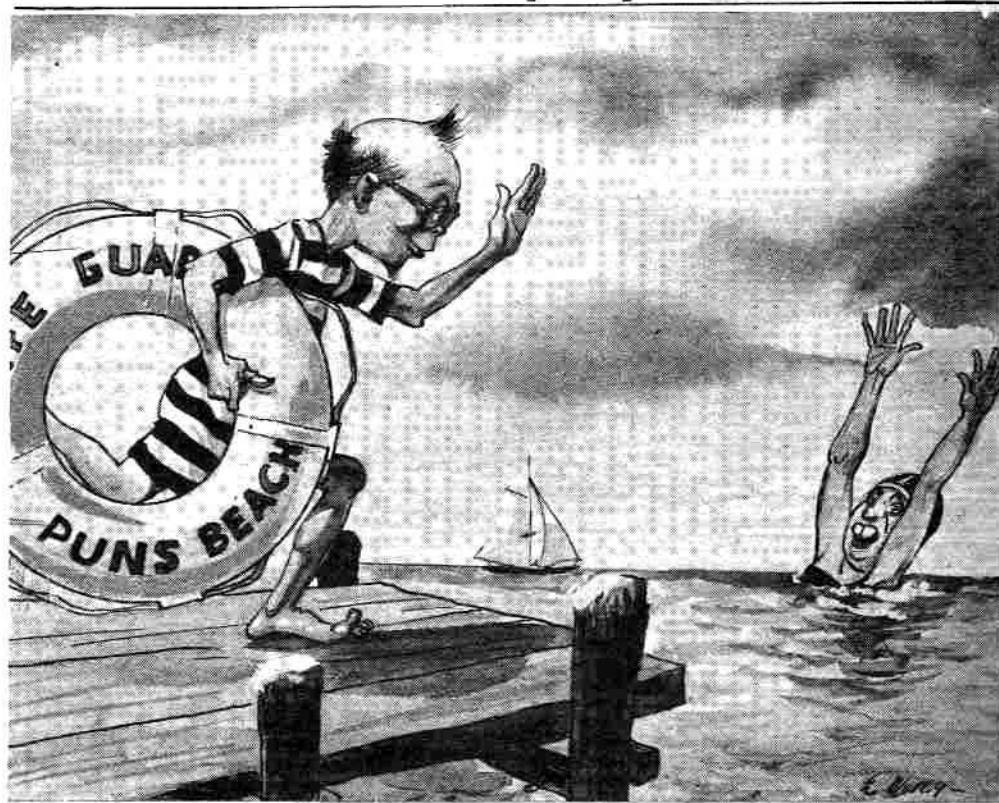
REALLY?



Professor SICKmund's

# CALENDAR

Man proposes---



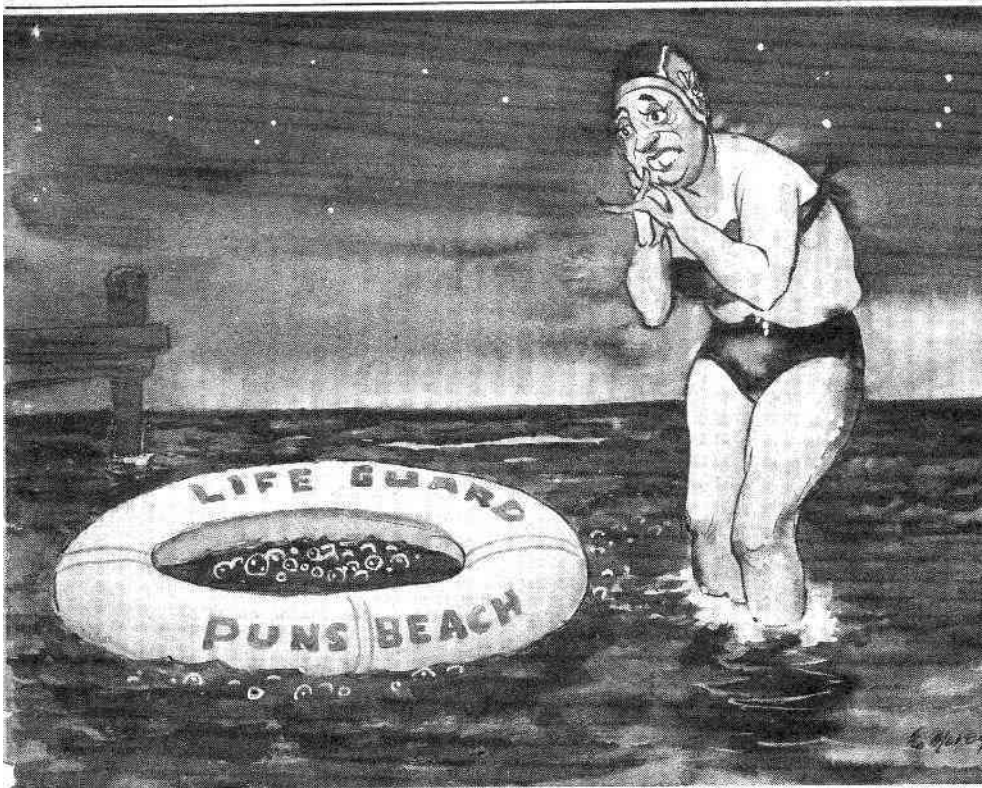
July 1961

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
Last Quarter 5th	New Moon 12th	First Quarter 20th	Full Moon 27th	—Hay Fever season	—Millions suffer from Summer itch	Changeable July 1, 1863— Battle of Gettys- burg begins Battle of Somme, World War I, 1918 S'rise 4:25 Set 7:35
July 2, 1861— President James A. Garfield assassinated Amelia Earhart lost in 1937 S'rise 4:25 Set 7:35	Mild and warm <b>3</b> —Dog Days begin S'rise 4:36 Set 7:25	Fair and warmer <b>4</b> S'rise 4:36 Set 7:25	Changeable <b>5</b> Salvation Army founded in 1855 S'rise 4:27 Set 7:35	Cloudy <b>6</b> Republican party founded in 1856 S'rise 4:27 Set 7:35	Warm and showers July 7, 1939— Legs Diamond dies of "natural causes" and 38 bullet holes	Rain <b>8</b> S'rise 4:29 Set 7:31
Clearing <b>9</b> 1755— General Brad- dock defeated S'rise 4:44 Set 7:28	Changeable <b>10</b> 1945— Jimmy Doolittle bombs Tokyo, S'rise 4:31 Set 7:35	Cloudy <b>11</b> S'rise 4:40 Set 7:21	Unsettled <b>12</b> 100BC— Julius Caesar born S'rise 4:47 Set 7:25	Rain if wind S. <b>13</b> U. S. Fleet bom- bards Japan, 1945 S'rise 4:43 Set 7:29	Fair if wind N.W. <b>14</b> 1789— Fall of Bastille in France	Cloudy <b>15</b> 1958— Bela Lugosi dies mysteriously S'rise 4:49 Set 7:23
Warmer <b>16</b> Dist. of Columbia established in 1790 S'rise 4:44 Set 7:28	Changeable <b>17</b> 1944— Emperor Tojo resigns S'rise 4:51 Set 7:25	Fair and hot <b>18</b> 1923— Pancho Villa killed S'rise 4:51 Set 7:21	Cooler July 19, 1848— First Woman's Rights Convention S'rise 4:47 Set 7:25	Warm and humid July 20, 1949— Attempt to assassinate Hitler fails S'rise 4:47 Set 7:25	July 21, 1921— Disaster at Anual, Morocco —20,000 Spaniards wiped out	Fair <b>22</b> Pilgrims sailed 1490 S'rise 4:49 Set 7:23
Fair and warmer July 23, 1885— President U. S. Grant dies <b>30</b> S'rise 4:54 Set 7:18	Warmer <b>24</b> S'rise 4:51 Set 7:25 Warm and humid <b>31</b> S'rise 4:51 Set 7:15	Clear and hot July 25, 1894— Sino-Japanese War begins Herald New Eng- lish Channel, 1906 S'rise 4:51 Set 7:21	Cooling breeze <b>26</b> 1943— Benito Musso- lini arrested S'rise 4:53 Set 7:19	Warm <b>27</b> Atlantic cable completed 1866 S'rise 4:53 Set 7:19	Fair and warm <b>28</b> 1914— First World War begins	Changeable <b>29</b> 1879— Joseph Stalin born



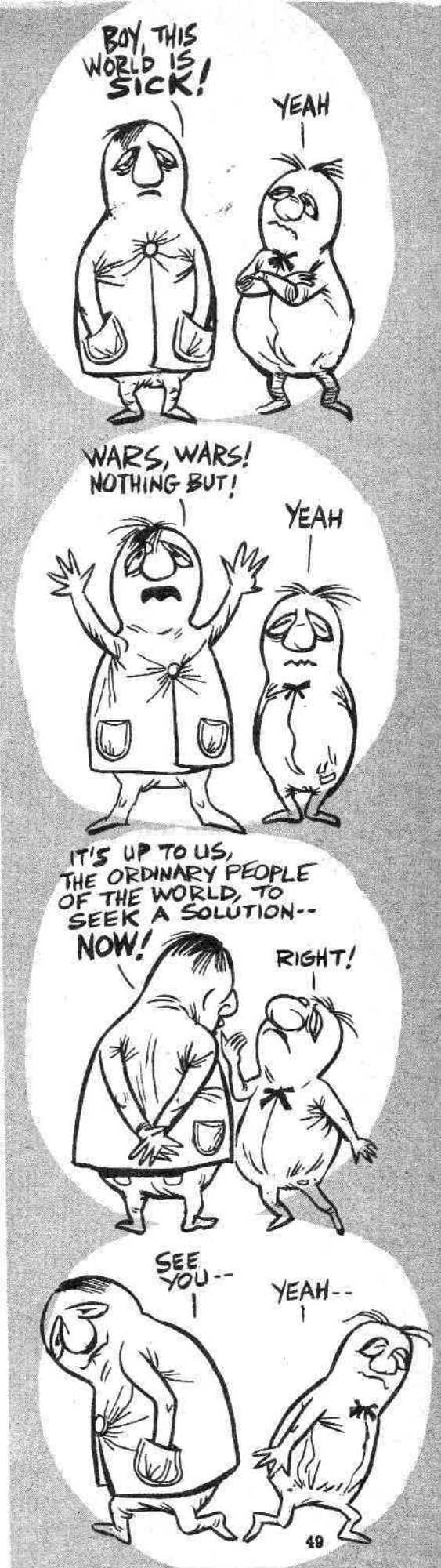
# of **SICK** Events

---nature disposes



## August 1961

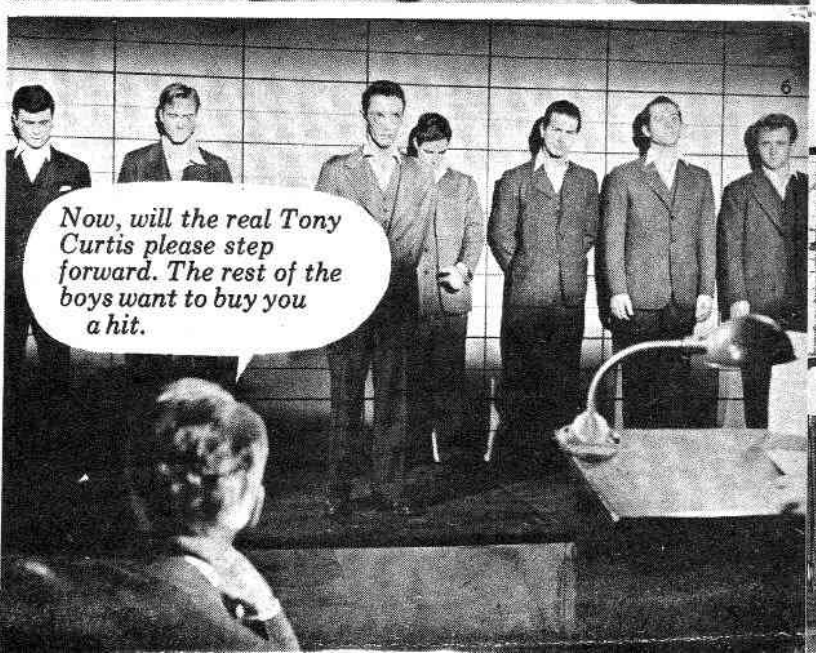
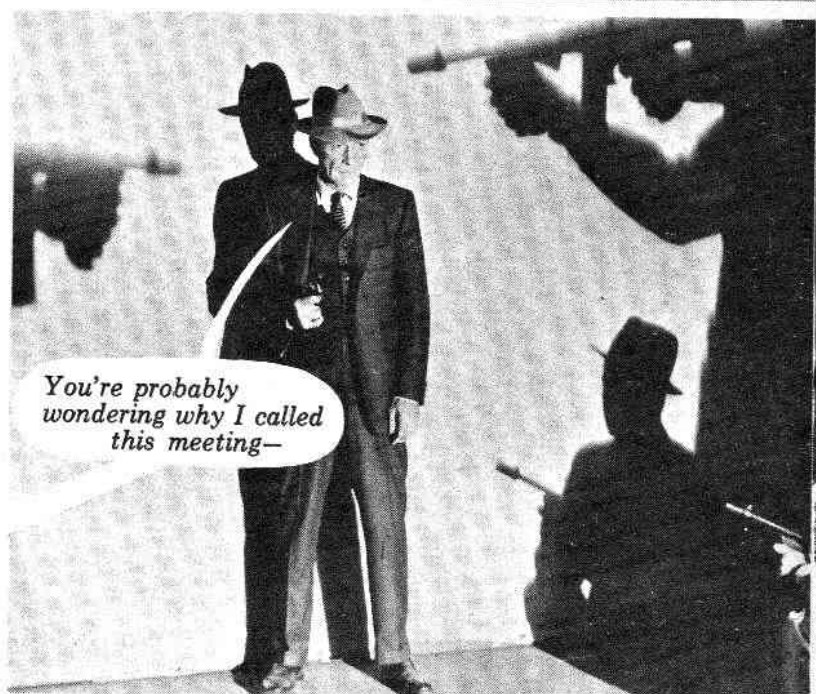
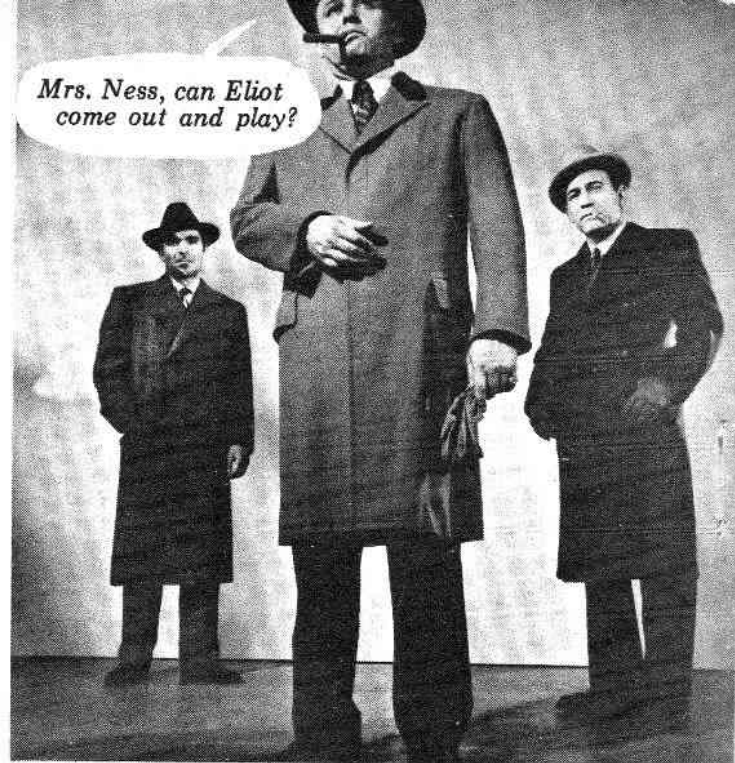
SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
<b>Lost Quarter</b> 3rd	<b>Aug. 1, 1934—</b> Adolf Hitler made Chancellor of Germany	<b>1</b> Cloudy S'rise 4:58 Set 7:14	<b>2</b> Warm and humid 1895— Sino-Japanese war ends	<b>3</b> Changeable Columbus sailed for America, 1492 S'rise 5:00 Set 7:13	<b>4</b> Cooler 1914— Wilson declares U.S. neutral	<b>5</b> Light showers 1864— Battle of Mobile Bay
<b>Showers</b> <b>Aug. 6, 1945—</b> Atomic Bomb dropped on Hiroshima S'rise 5:03 Set 7:09	<b>7</b> Cloudy-damp 1789— War Dept. created	<b>8</b> Clearing U. S. Troops land in Solomon, 1944 S'rise 5:05 Set 7:06	<b>9</b> Fair and warmer <b>Aug. 9, 1945—</b> Atomic Bomb dropped on Nagasaki S'rise 5:06 Set 7:04	<b>10</b> Fair 1874— Herbert Hoover born S'rise 5:13 Set 6:54	<b>11</b> Cloudy 1st Berlin-N. York non-stop flight, 1938 S'rise 5:07 Set 7:02	<b>12</b> Cloudy and warm George Bellows artist, born 1863 S'rise 5:08 Set 7:01
<b>Changeable</b> <b>Aug. 13, 1935—</b> Al Capone enters Federal Prison for income tax evasion	<b>14</b> Rain National Aviation Day	<b>15</b> Clearing <b>Aug. 15, 1938—</b> Chamberlain meets Hitler on peace mission Will Rogers killed in air crash, 1935 S'rise 5:11 Set 6:57	<b>16</b> Clearing 1812— British capture Detroit	<b>17</b> Fair Fulton Steamboat 1st trip in 1807 S'rise 5:13 Set 6:54	<b>18</b> Changeable S'rise 5:14 Set 6:53	<b>19</b> Cloudy and cooler 1946— Moslem-Hindu riots begin
<b>Rain</b> <b>20</b> 1952— Greenlease baby kidnapped	<b>21</b> Rain <b>Aug. 21, 1858—</b> Lincoln-Douglas debate gives Nixon idea Ger-Russ non-ag- gression pact, 1939 S'rise 5:17 Set 6:48	<b>22</b> Cloudy Claude Debussy, comp'r, born 1862 S'rise 5:18 Set 6:47	<b>23</b> Cooler Corn. Perry born in 1766 S'rise 5:19 Set 6:46	<b>24</b> Clear-Cool 1814— British burn White House	<b>25</b> Cloudy and showers 1921— U.S.-German treaty signed	<b>26</b> Cooler <b>Aug. 26, 1920—</b> 19th Amendment providing for woman suffrage passed
<b>Damp and chilly</b> <b>27</b> 1st U. S. petroleum well opened, 1839 S'rise 5:20 Set 6:40	<b>28</b> Cloudy Spanish land in Florida in 1565 S'rise 5:24 Set 6:38	<b>29</b> Cold with showers <b>Aug. 29, 1758—</b> First Indian Reservation established S'rise 5:26 Set 6:36	<b>30</b> Cloudy <b>Aug. 30, 1786—</b> Martha Wash- ington dies mysteriously Cleopatra died in 30, B. C. S'rise 5:26 Set 6:34	<b>31</b> Cloudy 1886— South Carolina earthquake	<b>First Quarter</b> 19th	<b>Full Moon</b> 26th





MINUTE  
MOVIES

# The Unblush- ables





# Great Moments in Movies

The Bowery Boys in Greenwich Village





# XOBS



L. Quier